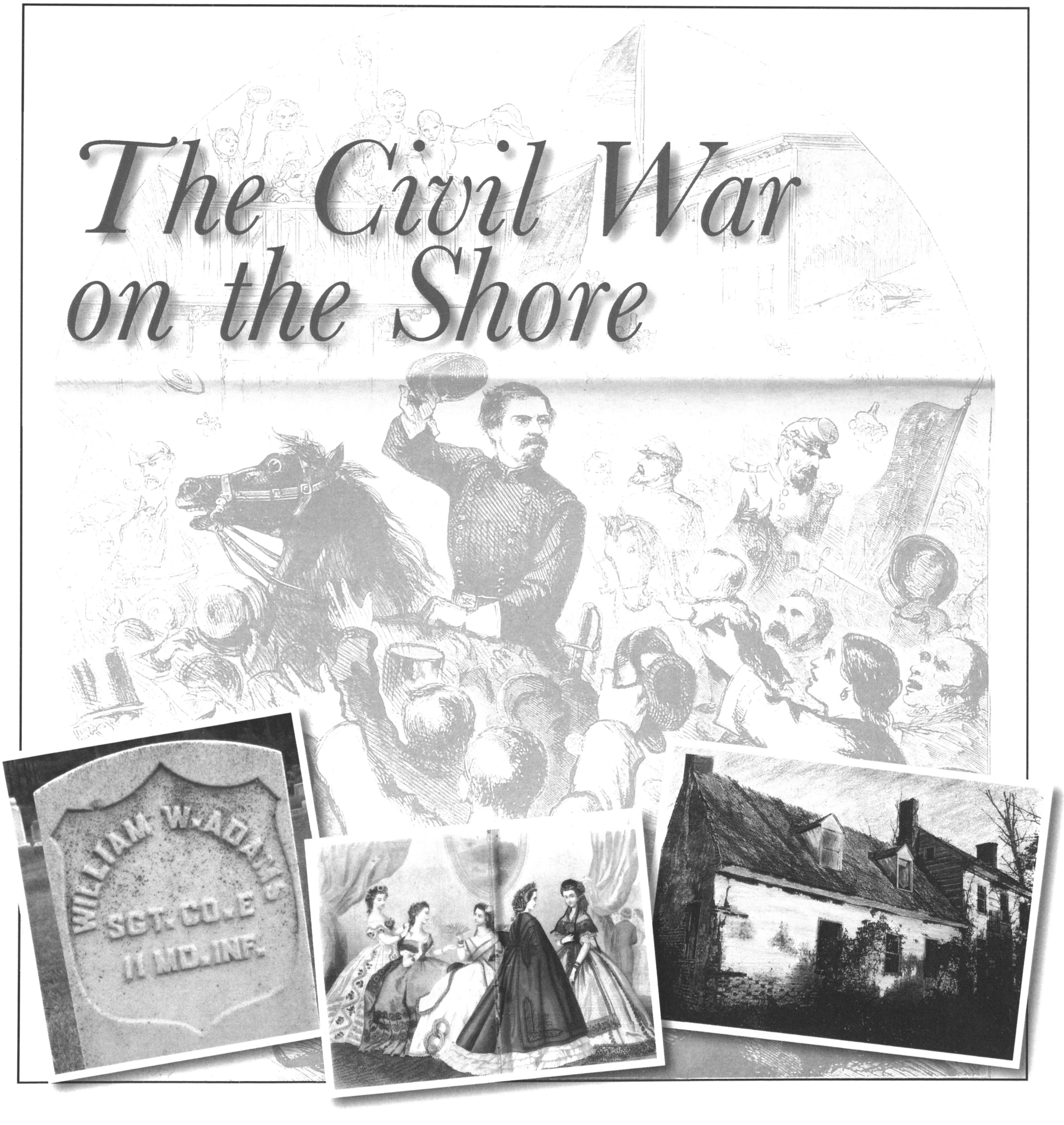
Shoreline

Vol. 19 • December 2012
For the Members of the Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture at Salisbury University

The Civil War on the Shore


WILLIAM W. ADAMS
SGT. CO. E
11 MD. INF.

Salisbury
UNIVERSITY

EDWARD H. NABB RESEARCH CENTER FOR DELMARVA HISTORY & CULTURE
1101 Camden Ave.
Salisbury, Maryland 21801
phone: 410-543-6312
fax: 410-677-5067
e-mail: rcdhac@salisbury.edu
http://nabbhistory.salisbury.edu

The Nabb Board
Michael Hitch, Chair
Salisbury, MD
Constance Strott, Vice-Chair
Salisbury, MD
Lenore Huffer, Secretary
Berlin, MD
Aleta Davis
Salisbury, MD
Charles Emery
North East, MD
Charles Fithian
Dover, DE
Margaret Genvert
Salisbury, MD
Randolph George
Marion, MD
Creston Long
Salisbury University
Katie Matthews
Berlin, MD
Russell McCabe
Milton, DE
Kathryn Niskanen
Washington, DC
Gary Outten
Pocomoke City, MD
Dan Parsons
Laurel, DE
Richard Pollitt
Allen, MD
Sandra Quillin
Bishopville, MD
Elizabeth Ragan
Salisbury, MD
Diane Savage
Berlin, MD
Charlotte Sharf
Princess Anne, MD
Rebecca Sheppard
Wilmington, DE
Dorie Skinkus
Selbyville, DE
William Wilson
Salisbury, MD
Student Member
Julie Messick, Graduate
Members Emeritus
E. Niel Carey
Ellicott City, MD
Thomas Fooks V
Wilmington, DE
John E. Jacob Jr.
Ft. Meyers, FL
George W. Gering Jr.
Salisbury, MD
Bert Thornton
Frederick, MD

Dr. G. Ray Thompson, Director

In a Word

By Dr. G. Ray Thompson

Having been involved with the Research Center since its inception, I have watched with interest the changes and growth of the Center over 30 years. What pleases me most is that usage of this research facility, cutting across three states, has expanded far beyond Delmarva, stretching across the country as more and more researchers, extramural as well as student, come to realize the value of the Center and of the uniqueness of its collections. More importantly, these collections are getting regular use; entire classes – as well as individual students – come to the Nabb Center to learn how to read 17th century handwriting and to interpret those documents and finally to create analytical essays based on their reading of those original documents. Most recently, an African-American literature class came to find out about resources they could utilize for their research projects. One of the great pleasantries of this job is working with people from across the country who come to use the Center. They "get" what we are doing at the Center. Just as fulfilling to me are the number of students who "catch the history bug" while doing research or working here at Nabb.

Some of you from a distance may not know that the Nabb Center will soon be moving to a new location. Plans for the building of an Academic Commons on main campus have come to fruition and the Nabb Center will be included in the new library facility. All of our artifacts and collections will then be in one state-of-the arts building! Groundbreaking is planned for late spring 2013.

For the next several years as the nation revisits the Civil War era, the local and national media will be abuzz with accounts of the American Civil War. Using our collections and those of our contributors, we are publishing, in this issue of *Shoreline*, a variety of stories relating to local people, events and sites during that tumultuous era. From "The Confrontation That Never Occurred," to unrepentant and unreconstructed soldiers, to a slave owner who became a Union supporter, to the economic underpinnings of the Civil War here on Delmarva, to the Civil War poems of an Eastern Shore poetess, to a freed slave-become-Eastern Shore-entrepreneur, and finally to an analysis of the rifle musket and its effect on the Civil War – all this and more are found in this issue. These and additional articles show clearly the multi-faceted nature of the Civil War. Read and learn about the Civil War on the Shore and how it left few people untouched!

Submissions

The Nabb Research Center is always interested in articles on the history, culture or heritage of the Delmarva region. If you or anyone you know is interested in writing for *Shoreline*, please send material, proposals, suggestions or comments to the attention of the "Newsletter Editor" as follows:

Nabb Research Center
Salisbury University
1101 Camden Ave.
Salisbury, MD 21801-6860

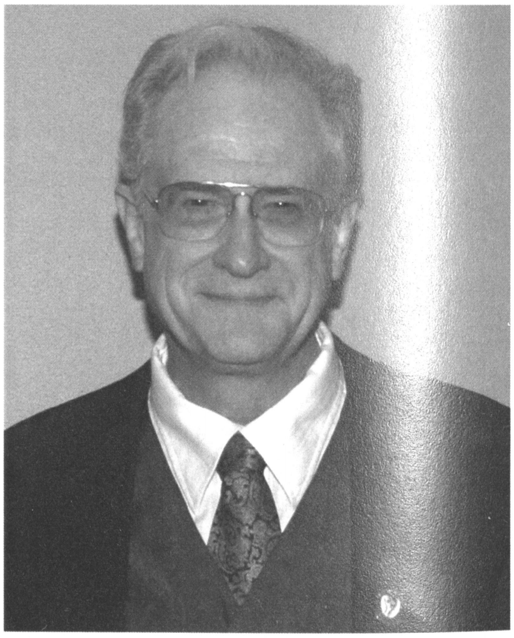
Or by e-mail to rcdhac@salisbury.edu. Please include the words "Newsletter Editor" in the subject line.

Hours & Closings

READING ROOM HOURS:
Monday: 10 a.m.-8 p.m.
Tuesday-Friday: 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

GALLERY HOURS:
Monday, Wednesday and Friday: 1-4 p.m.
or by appointment (please call 410-543-6312).

CLOSINGS:
The Nabb Research Center will be closed
December 22 - January 1 & January 21



Dr. G. Ray Thompson

Shoreline

Contents…

4 . . . . *Life During the Civil War 1861-1865: A Look Back at the Southern Civilian Experience*

6 . . . . *From Slave Owner to Union Supporter: A Tyaskin Lawyer's Struggle*

10 . . . *Laura Catherine Redden Searing: Somerset County's Own Civil War Poet*

12 . . . . *Upper Fairmount's Link to the Harlem Renaissance*

13 . . . . *Women of the Civil War*

14 . . . . *Uncle Billy Was a Soldier: William Washington Adams of Hoopers Island*

17 . . . *Maryland, My Maryland: The Story Behind its Creation*

20 . . . . *The Effect of the Rifle Musket on the Outcome of the American Civil War*

22 . . . . *The Confrontation That Never Occurred: Langralls and the Civil War*

24 . . . . *Civil War on the Shore: A Veteran Remembers*

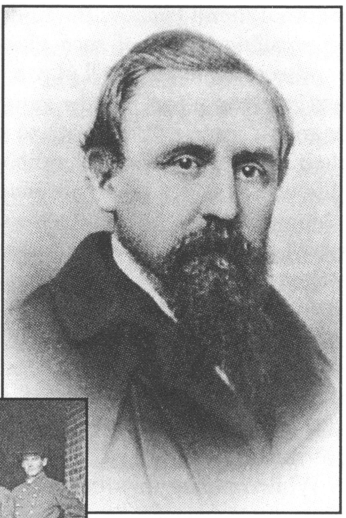
26 . . . . *Colonel Oswald Tilghman*

28 . . . . *"Stand firm, boys, and don't take the oath": Isaac William Ker Handy's Fifteen Months at Fort Delaware*

30 . . *Donors and Members*

1st Regt Eastern Shore
Maryland Vol. Infantry.
Col. Jas. Wallace.
Lockwood's Independent Brig.
12th Corps.
Maryland's Tribute to her Loyal Sons.

14
Uncle Billy Was a Soldier:
William Washington Adams of Hoopers Island



24
Civil War on the Shore:
A Veteran Remembers

28
Isaac William Ker Handy's Fifteen Months
at Fort Delaware

Volume 19 • December 2012

Director and Founder, Dr. G. Ray Thompson. *Archivist,* David Ranzan. *Research Assistant,* T. Aaron Horner.
Office Manager, Donna T. Messick. *Receptionist,* Pilar Burton. *Archival Assistants,* Julie Messick, Paul Dook, Jessica Simpson.
Graduate Assistants, Tim Harlow & Amanda Tuttle.

This issue and back issues of *Shoreline* may be purchased for $15 each. Please contact us at 410-543-6312 or by e-mail at rcdhac@salisbury.edu for details. ©2012 Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture at Salisbury University. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Any views or opinions expressed in this newsletter are solely those of the individual authors and do not represent those of the Nabb Center or Salisbury University. *Shoreline* is published by the Nabb Research Center, 1101 Camden Ave., Salisbury University, MD, 21801. Printed in the USA by the Publications Office, Salisbury University, Salisbury, MD.

About the Front Cover:
The background image "McClellan Entering Frederick" is from the October 4, 1862, issue of *Harpers Weekly*. The women's dresses are from the September 1863 issue of *Godey's Lady's Book*. Both of these magazines are from Nabb's Bayly Family Collection. The house is a colorized photo by Orlando Wootten of the Tyaskin home of John Jay Dashiell. The gravesite of William Washington Adams is in Fishing Creek, MD.

Life During the Civil War 1861-1865: A Look Back at the Southern Civilian Experience

By Sue Ellen Robinson

Kate Stone: Brokenburn: The Journal of Kate Stone 1861-1868

Everyday life on Maryland's Eastern Shore could have been very different had Maryland voted for secession, as many of the Shore's citizens wanted. The State Legislature waited for Virginia's secession decision as long as they could. Many thought that Maryland would follow Virginia into the Confederacy, but that was not to happen. Had Maryland voted for secession the fate of its citizens would have been very different. Known for her stronghold of Southern loyalties, the Shore would have probably been the hardest hit in retaliation.

The subject of life in the South during the Civil War is as deep and wide as the mind can possibly comprehend because the undercurrents and the prevailing factors of race, class, sex, politics and economic status all play a part in the story. Every person picked up the cause for his or her own reason; for some it turned out to simply be where their homes were located, others realized their way of life was at stake. There are many ways of approaching this topic, but I chose to tell the story in the words of those who lived it, those who were left behind when politics called the men to war. This is a woman's story because the majority of those tending the home places were women – women whose lives were changing faster than they could have anticipated as the warfront moved from state to state and raged on for five long years.

I have chosen to use a personal approach for this article by looking at the times through the eyes of those women who wrote about it. While reading their experiences, I recalled an anonymous quote I read years ago in the rotunda of the Library of Congress that said, "In books lie the soul of past men and times." I do believe that the women's journals I used portrayed their very souls through their most intimate thoughts recorded during one of the most trying times in American history.

I also looked at those entries to see how things changed over time. And finally, realizing these accounts are strictly personal opinions, I tried to look for diversity in journal sources by choosing two women very different in age, life experience and life expectations. One diary was written by Mary Chestnut, a woman who was almost 40 when the war began and who had lived through the controversies that led to war. Her words are genuinely human and frank. Her home changed many times during the war as she moved from place to place with her husband General James Chestnut Jr. She writes about military leaders, politics, home life and living conditions in a most informative way.

I also looked at the journal of Kate Stone, a young woman half Mary Chestnut's age, who, according to the introduction, was a well-educated, sensitive, patriotic, Southern girl. The tone of her diary starts out light and social but shifts as the war hits home. Both diaries, in the end, show a Southern way of life that is dying due to a lack of economic resources, but the spirit of their Southern upbringing lives on long after the South falls. The Southern way of life seems to take on a soul of its own in these writings.

In 1861, the possibility of war wasn't quite real to many Southern citizens or to those living on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Women were just beginning to realize their positions in the impending crisis. As the nation passed anxiously through the long and uncertain months of the secession winter of 1860-1861, Lucy Wood wrote from her home in Charlottesville, VA, to her fiancé Waddy Butler. His native South Carolina had seceded just before Christmas, declaring itself sovereign and independent, but Virginia had not yet acted. Lucy found herself being neglected by Waddy because he was preoccupied with new obligations in military service. But as the turmoil turned to full scale war in 1861, Lucy, as well as other women of the South, would struggle to define her role within an ever-changing landscape that included fewer and fewer men. In 1861, Southern men between the ages of 18 and 35 were being drafted and women began to assume daily activities normally performed by men. Many in the South clung to the hope that England and France would take up their cause, but most importantly, the myth of a 90-day war ended in 1861.

July 3,1861 – Mama is feeling quite ill all day but is better this evening. All the boys and Mr. Newton went to Omega to witness the conscription of the flag belonging to Mr. Peck's Company. There was quite a crowd. Many ladies were there and all had a pleasant evening. Kate Stone

July 4, 1861 – Russell abuses us in his letters. People here care a great deal for what Russell says, because he represents the *London Times*, and the *Times* reflect the sentiment of the English people. How we do cling to the idea of an alliance with England or France? Without France even Washington could not have done it. Mary Chestnut

By 1862, the draft age was raised to 45, and it then changed once again to between the ages of 17 and 50. The reality of war hit home as fewer men were left to provide for their families and women struggle to assume the responsibility. According to Mark Grimsley in his book *The Hard Hand of War*, "The North's ultimate 'hard war' policy was very far from the program with which it had begun the conflict. In fact, initially the federal government deliberately sought to exempt white Southerners from the burden of war. Their constitutional rights were to be respected; and their property was not touched."

However, by 1862 the tide had shifted and civilians were not to be spared the cruelties of war. Women were being forced to carry the burden of family and survival. If you lived in the area of a battle or a Union travel route you were destined to lose more. If you lived in a more remote rural area you could probably exist without interference from Union troops.

January 6, 1862 – Christmas passed very quietly with us. Greetings on all sides but no gifts and not many good things prepared beforehand ... Kate Stone

February 20, 1862 – Fort Donelson has fallen, but no men fell with it. It is prisoners for them that we cannot spare or prisoners for us that we may not be able to feed: that is so much to be "fore fended," as Keitt says. They lost six thousand and we two thousand; I grudge that proportion … Mary Chestnut

In 1863, Lincoln issued the final Emancipation Proclamation freeing the slaves in the rebellious states. Southern morale was lifted by the victory at Chancellorsville, but the death of Stonewall Jackson dealt a depressing blow to Southerners. Economic conditions in the South continued to decline and bread riots occurred in Richmond. The South was starved for life-sustaining resources.

March 2, 1863 – Saturday (Monday) I think. We have not had an almanac for more than a year, and so I can only guess at the time until someone better posted comes along … The soldiers have been all around us but not on the place. At first we were frightened, expecting them all the time and preparing to start for the hills beyond the Macon, the Mecca for most of the refugeeing planters ... Kate Stone

July 8, 1863 – The house, as we drew near, looked like a graveyard in a nightmare … I found my mother ill in bed, feeble still, but better than I hoped to see her … I supposed I was not to see my sister until the next day. But she came in some time after I had gone to bed. She kissed me quietly without a tear. She was thin and pale but her voice was calm and kind. As she lifted the candle over her head, to show me something on the wall, I saw that her pretty brown hair was white. It was awfully hard not to burst out into violet weeping … Mary Chestnut

By 1864, Sherman's troops had begun to live off the land, devouring already depleted resources of Southern civilians. He destroyed much of the infrastructure of Georgia in his military campaigns and civilian life in many towns sank to a new low of starvation and need.

September 5, 1864 (Near Oak Ridge La.) – Intense excitement in the neighborhood. Yankees reported advancing in large force – destroying, burning, and murdering as they came?? ... Blank consternation among the citizens who hear the Federals have vowed vengeance against this section on account of Capt. Lea and his guerillas. Everyone is preparing to flee the wrath to come … Kate Stone

Mary Chestnut:
A Diary From Dixie

July 25, 1864 – Now we are in a cottage rented from Doctor Chisholm. Hood is a full General. Johnston has been removed and superseded. Early is threatening Washington City … Mary Chestnut

Richmond was burned in 1865. The capitol of the Confederacy was reduced to ruins. Hard war was waged by Union soldiers, and Southern civilians had paid the heavy price for secession and disunion. The Eastern Shore of Maryland had been spared this devastation because the secession vote had failed, but her citizens could not help but feel the pain of their Southern neighbors and relatives as they learned about the devastation of Virginia.

April 28, 1865 – … I cannot bear to hear talk of defeat. It seems a reproach to our gallant dead. If nothing else can force us to battle on for freedom, the thousands of grass-grown mounds heaped at mountainside and in every valley of our country should teach us to emulate the heroes who lie beneath and make us clasp closer to our hearts the determination to be free or die. "When the South is trampled from the earth- Her women can die and be free." … Kate Stone

May 2, 1865 – (Camden, SC) – Since we left Chester nothing but solitude, nothing but tall blackened chimneys, to show that any man has every trod this road before. This Sherman's track. It is hard not to curse him. I wept incessantly at first. The roses of the gardens are already hiding the ruins. My husband said nature is a wonderful renovator. He tried to say something else and then I shut my eyes and made a vow that if we were a crushed people, crushed by weight, I would never be a whimpering, pining slave. Mary Chestnut

Both diaries portray a way of life that was dying. The spirit of the ladies struggled to survive as the South fell. The voices in these writings offer us a first-hand glimpse into their realities, their joys and sufferings.

The Civil War is often reduced to the history of the military and the battles fought, but history is often reexamined. War will be studied and researched by many people in many different ways; but, the human story must also be told. While my representation may be viewed as slightly dramatic, I certainly don't buy into the *Gone with the Wind* mindset. There were as many different stories as there were Southern civilians and their fates rose and fell with the tide of Confederate military success. In my opinion these journals, at the very least, portray the realities of the everyday lives of Kate Stone and Mary Chestnut. And if it's true that "In books lie the souls of past men and times," we cannot close our eyes to that portrayal. These Southern women illustrate two examples of the Confederate experience.

Sue Ellen Robinson's article "Uncle Billy Was a Soldier: William Washington Adams of Hoopers Island" appears elsewhere in this issue of *Shoreline*.

From Slave Owner to Union Supporter: A Tyaskin Lawyer's Struggle

By Barbara Marhoefer

In 1860, John Jay Dashiell owned nine slaves and a large plantation at the head of Wetipquin Creek in the Tyaskin District of Somerset County, Maryland. Three years later, as the Civil War raged, he ran for public office on the Union ticket and was ready to sell his 402-acre farm, which had been in his family for 200 years. Two years later in 1865, just four weeks from the end of the war, he wrote a wrenching letter to his brother, describing the bleak and starving times in Tyaskin. This is his story.

John Jay, his four brothers and sister Adeline grew up on the Head of the Creek plantation, owned and run by their father James Whithear Dashiell. They lived in a brick house, built between 1725 and 1750. The farm had outbuildings – a kitchen, a smoke house, a milk house and housing for slaves.

People in the Tyaskin District had owned slaves since the first settlement in the early 1660s, when James and Ann Dashiell developed a plantation called Long Hill on Wetipquin Creek, down creek from the Head of the Creek plantation. In his will dated 1697, the first James Dashiell had written: "It is my will yet all my goods if have [they are] moveable or nonmoveable should be equally divided amongst all my children with ye Negroes yet is alive." That is, he willed that his slaves be divided among his six children.

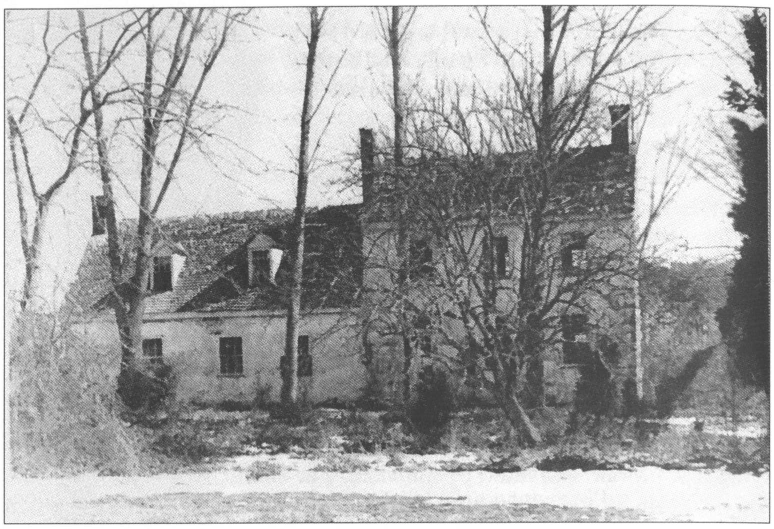
John Jay Dashiell and his siblings, who were five generations from the above-mentioned immigrant settler, James Dashiell, grew up with slaves. In 1854, John Jay's Aunt Biddy Adams (daughter of Jane Dashiell) had written in her will: "I give and bequeath to my niece Adeline Jane Rose my negro Woman Clarry."

John Jay Dashiell trained as a lawyer and at the same time farmed the Head of the Creek plantation. In 1841, he purchased the shares in the family plantation that had belonged to his brothers Benjamin and James. The land included tracts known by their early patent names: "Discovery," "Meeches Wright," "Meeches Desert" and "Locust Ridge."

At that time, farmers in the Tyaskin District did not grow much tobacco. The main crops were wheat, corn, oats, potatoes and melons. Other farm products were lumber and items made from wood, such as barrels and staves. Farmers also raised cattle, sheep, swine and poultry.

In 1860, the U.S. Census recorded John Jay Dashiell's occupation as farmer and his age as 50. He was living with his wife Mary Ann, age 40, his daughters Ellen, age 15, and Sarah, age 13, and his son, six-year-old William. Dashiell listed the value of his real estate as $7,000 and his personal property as $5,000, which included his nine slaves.

As part of the federal census, every landowner in the Tyaskin District reported the number of slaves he or she owned on a "Schedule of Slave Inhabitants." Slaves were listed only by age and gender. The number of people counted in 1860 determined how many representatives Maryland had in the House of Representatives. The U.S. Constitution, in Article One, Section Two, said that a slave counted as only 3/5th of a person for representation in the House of Representatives.



Head of the Creek House – This was the home of John Jay Dashiell and his family in 1860. The brick section on the left was built about 1725; frame section built about 100 years later. This photo was taken in 1974, years after the last occupant had moved out. (Photo from Orlando Wootten Collection located at the Nabb Center.)

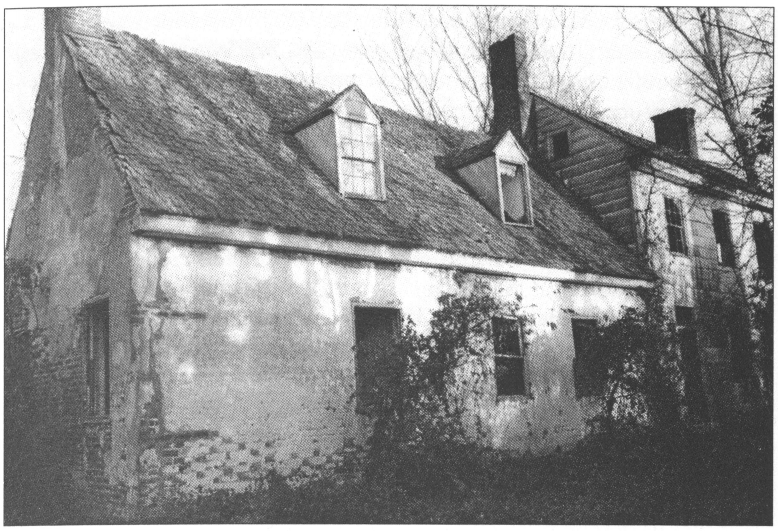
The 1860 slave schedule recorded that Tyaskin District had 403 slaves, owned by 66 individuals. John Jay Dashiell listed his nine slaves: a 55-year-old male; five females ages 45, 28, 18, 17 and 17; two males ages 16 and 14; and a 1-year-old male. Those nine slaves counted as 5 2/5th persons.

In 1860, the Dashiell family was living in a two-story frame house and the attached older one and one-half story house, which faced Wetipquin Creek. The older section had plain and glazed brick, laid in a checkerboard pattern, and on one end an elegant diamond pattern and zigzag design, according to Paul Baker Touart in his book *At the Crossroads: The Architectural History of Wicomico County, Maryland*, published in 2008.

Once the Civil War began, life on the Head of the Creek plantation changed dramatically. Maryland, a border state, stayed in the Union, but many people on the Eastern Shore were sympathetic to the Confederacy. Union troops were stationed in Salisbury, and soldiers patrolled local roads.

John Jay Dashiell and other Tyaskin farmers might have known what happened in the British West Indies after England outlawed slavery in 1832. By the 1860s, the British West Indies plantations were in ruins. The Civil War was creating such drastic changes in Tyaskin that farmers must have realized that hard times were coming.

"Slaveholders and employers knew the end was near as early as 1862," wrote Jennifer Hull Dorsey, Ph.D., about the Eastern Shore in her book *Hirelings: African American Workers and Free Labor in Early Maryland*, published by Cornell University Press in the spring of last year. "That year the federal government extended



Checkerboard Brick – The older section had a plain and glazed brick checkerboard pattern, shown lower left. (Photo from Orlando Wootten Collection located at the Nabb Center.)

a compensated emancipation to District of Columbia slaveholders that forced Maryland slaveholders to imagine their future without slaves."

On January 1, 1863, President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation that freed all slaves in the 10 states in rebellion, but this ruling did not apply to Maryland slaves. Nevertheless, Dashiell must have worried about raising crops to sell and enough food to feed his family and his slaves.

In 1863, John Jay Dashiell, age 53, decided not to rely on his plantation for his living. He announced he was running for Register of Wills, a position in Somerset County with a four-year term. (Tyaskin District was part of Somerset; Wicomico County was created in 1867.) If elected, he, Mary Ann, Ellen, Sarah and little William would move to Princess Anne, Somerset's county seat, and sell the farm.

John Jay Dashiell announced that he was running on the Union ticket against Sidney C. Long, the incumbent who had held the seat for five years. The Register of Wills worked as the Clerk to the Orphans' Court; administered estates; collected inheritances taxes, probate fees and courts costs; tracked estates; and oversaw guardians. The Register was paid a salary, perhaps somewhat equivalent to the $1,112 paid to the Register of Wills in Dorchester County 14 years later in 1876. (That's $22,488 in today's money, according to the Inflation Calculator Web site.)

Election Day in November 1863 was difficult. The election results were very close. Dashiell defeated Long by 16 votes, 834 to 818. The Maryland State Archives recorded that Long protested that his defeat occurred "because of the presence and interference by Union soldiers at the polls throughout the county. The soldiers were accused of widespread intimidation of voters and of harassing and arresting election judges in an effort to secure the election of Unionist candidates."

John Jay Dashiell had won the election, but Long refused to give up the office and continued to act as Register of Wills. Dashiell went to court to fight for his office. Meanwhile, the Maryland Legislature adopted a new state constitution on November 1, 1864, that officially ended slavery. The legislature's action ruled that the 87,000 slaves remaining in the state were unconditionally emancipated, according to Hull Dorsey's book.

The courts moved slowly on John Jay Dashiell's case and after many months awarded the office to Dashiell. He was sworn in as Register of Wills on December 15, 1864, 13 months after being elected to office. Long did not relinquish the office until December 22. Dashiell was sworn in on January 5, 1865, and officially assumed his office.

Dashiell found a buyer for the Head of the Creek plantation, and the following month on February 27, 1865, he and Mary Ann sold it for $8,000 ($112,596 in today's money).

In March 1865, almost one month later, Dashiell wrote a descriptive letter about living in Tyaskin to his brother Benjamin, who had gone to California in 1849 during the Gold Rush. He reported that people were stealing food and starving. He wrote: "Oh what misery! I never expected to see the like. There's much suffering here now, among both whites and blacks." Eight months after the letter, John Jay Dashiell, age 55, died in office on November 19, 1865.

What happened to the nine slaves belonging to John Jay Dashiell listed on the 1860 census? In 1881, John Dashields and Jerry Dashields, along with six other black men, founded the Freedmans Methodist Church in Tyaskin and served on the first board of trustees. Since many freedmen adopted a form of their former owners' names, perhaps they are two of the Dashiell family slaves shown on the 1860 Slave Schedule.

John Jay Dashiell's son William did not follow his father into law and farming. William graduated in 1879 from the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, NJ, with a degree in mechanical engineering. He pursued an engineering career in Philadelphia and New York.

The Head of the Creek property changed hands many times over the years. The last occupant of the house was Amos Dashiell, who purchased it in 1910. In 1957, his heirs sold the farm to W. Oscar and Annie E. Dashiell, a black family who lived nearby on Head of the Creek Road, according to Anne Kennerly Morris Clay, a specialist in Wicomico County land records and property research. In 1976, Clay interviewed Annie

In February 2012, Joe Marhoefer found that the Dashiell house site was not overgrown with catbrier and brush, but was covered with young green grass and daffodils, signs of the people who once lived there.

Head of Wetipquin Creek Today – Wetipquin Creek twists and turns coming from the Nanticoke River, but straightens when passing the Dashiell home site

and Oscar Dashiell for her book *Collection of Wicomico County Histories*, published in 1990 by the Lower Delmarva Genealogical Society.

No one lived in the old Head of the Creek house, and it fell into severe disrepair. Some interior woodwork of the old house was removed and installed in a house in Salisbury, according to Clay's book. She wrote that many of the glazed bricks were salvaged for restoration work at Pemberton Hall on the Wicomico River.

In 1990, W. Oscar and Annie E. Dashiell's heirs sold the Head of the Creek property, now numbering 100 acres, to the federal government, which transferred it to the State of Maryland two years later. Today, the property is listed by the Department of Assessments and Taxation as a game preserve.

A Visit to the Old Plantation

In the middle of February, as we, along with Anne Clay, drove up Head of the Creek Road, we knew that the house was gone. Would the site be overgrown, a mess of scrub and catbrier, a jungle? We walked up the lane, climbing over and around fallen trees, and found the house site. It was not overgrown, but open and wide, and covered with new green grass.

Wetipquin Creek is full of twists and turns coming from the Nanticoke River, but it is surprisingly straight at the home site. The creek bed is 30 to 35 feet wide. Who knows what the creek looked like 150 years ago when John Jay lived there? Then it might have been easy for boats of some size to come up the creek and dock at Head of the Creek farm.

We saw rubble piles from the house and outbuildings, now covered with grass, and old bricks scattered about. At the edge of one pile of bricks, we found an intact doorstep with bricks laid on end, called "soldiers," part of the steps into a building. Then we saw more evidence of the people who once had lived here – daffodils springing up everywhere, even on the rubble piles, hundreds of them, marching toward the creek.

John Jay Dashiell's Civil War Letter: "Oh what misery!"

John Jay Dashiell wrote the following letter to his brother Benjamin on March 25, 1865, just four weeks before General Lee surrendered and the Civil War ended. Dashiell refers briefly to his struggle to assume his Register of Wills office, but concentrates on describing the severe suffering in Tyaskin in the final weeks of the war. A typed transcript of his letter was in the collection of Richard W. Cooper, a noted Wicomico County historian who in the 1990s shared it with friends interested in local history.

Readers may be offended by Dashiell's cringe-inducing words about blacks stealing hogs, turkeys, chickens and geese. He was talking about blacks and whites starving. White people were stealing hogs, turkeys, chickens and geese, too. People living in the Tyaskin District knew the pains of starving to death.

Dashiell's words about blacks working for $2 or $3 (now about $42) and then quitting is meaningful – two or three dollars must have looked like enough money for a long time to people who never before had money. According to Frances Butler Leigh's recollections in her 1883 book *Ten Years on a Georgia Plantation Since the War*, this was a frequent occurrence in the deep south.

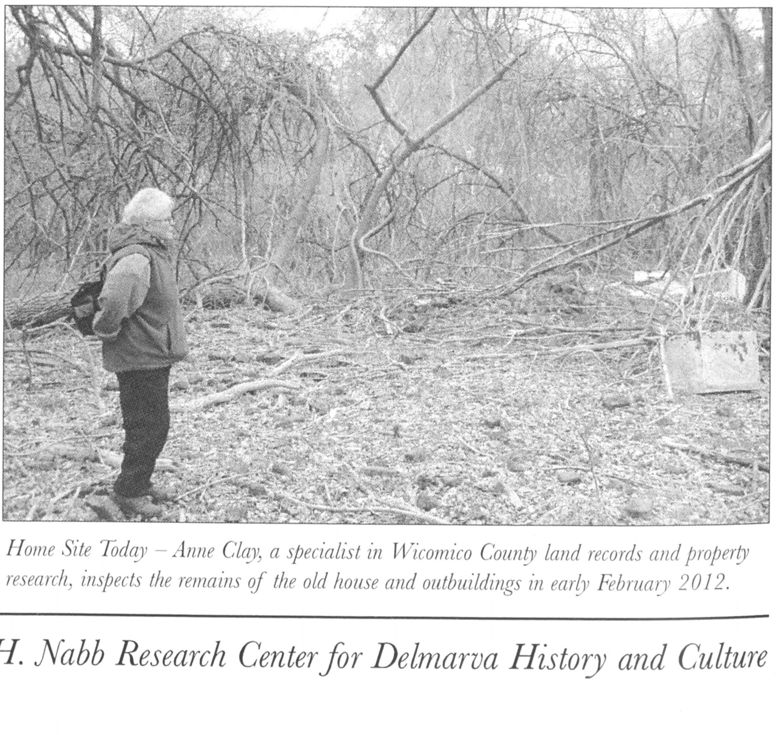
John Jay Dashiell wrote that the "free negroes are the curse of the land." He did not understand the plight of these newly freed people. After their lifetimes of subjugation, brutally hard work, miserable conditions, beatings and hunger, they were suddenly faced with making their own living, without money or land or even knowing how to read or write.

Here is John Jay Dashiell's letter:

Register Office
Princess Anne Md.
Mar 26th 1865

My Dear Brother Benjamin:

I do not know whether I owe you a letter [or] not but be that as it may I am going to write you one so that I may get one in reply, for I want to hear from you and Brother Thaddeus very much. I think I have written to you since I was elected to this office which has been a year ago last November, and with the difficulties we had at the election on account of the interference



Home Site Today – Anne Clay, a specialist in Wicomico County land records and property research, inspects the remains of the old house and outbuildings in early February 2012.

of the military and the crosses and trials I have had since with the contesting of my seat by compition [competition]. He has failed in all his unjust designs and that is all I can say to you at this time on that subject.

I was called off a few Sundays ago by a telegraph dispatch which announced that my brother E.F. Dashiell was in dying condition and wished me to go on forthwith. I started the next morning and arrived at his house in Talbot County the following day about noon going by way of Baltimore. To my great joy I found him alive and a little better. The crises of his disease, which was pneumonia had passed and after remaining with him two days and finding him getting better I returned home. He gave me two of his photographs to send you and Brother Thaddeus, and I enclose you yours in this letter and will send the other to Thaddeus when I write to him. Sister has lost two of children Sally and Otry, they both died within two months with the same disease, (consumption) last Dec. and Jan. She had sold her place near Laurel Factory she has rented a house in Baltimore and gone to live with her two daughters Fannie and Mary. She expects to take boarders.

Since I wrote to you there has been several deaths on Tyaskin District. Old Mrs. Mary Jones, Aunt Rosa Watters, Captain Alex Donoho, Jas. B Conway, Benj. David and Thos. Hughes. The last came to an untimely death. But no one knows how he was killed. He had gone over four or five miles to a distillery to get a barrel of brandy it is supposed that his oxen ran away, as they were young and in the act of jumping out of the cart to stop them he must have fallen between the wheels and the body and was killed. He was found on the road dead and his barrel of brandy some hundred yards off and his cart and oxen went home.

I have sold my place at Wetipquin to Mola Daughtry and have purchased a house and lot in this place and have moved here. My mother-in-law has been compelled to leave her place and come to live with me. You are aware that our negroes have all been freed and we have no hands to carry on a farm with. The negroes will not work longer than they get two or three dollars and then they will quit until that is gone and many of them depend entirely upon stealing, you cannot keep a hog or any poultry unless we keep constant watch night and day, you never saw anything like it. They steal from each other also. Old Bob Lily had two hogs taken out of his pen a few nights ago and old cousin Benj. I Jones had every turkey he had taken the same night, he had several geese and chickens taken also.

The free negroes now are a curse to the land and they are all free. We have no white laborers of any consequences here as you know and there's much suffering here now, among both whites and blacks. Poor white women and children who owned their home and nothing else they have been stripped of their all and have no means of support. Old white women are too old to get a living and the children are too young and their friends cannot help them for they can scarcely live by themselves.

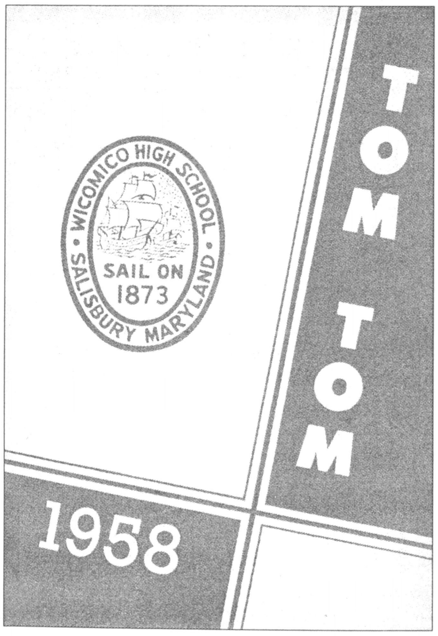
Oh what misery! I never expected to see the like. But I can only say as one of old said "Lord forgive them for they know not what they do"

Your affectionate Brother,
J.J. Dashiell

Query: If anyone knows the whereabouts of the original of this letter, please contact the author of this article at barmarhoe@comcast.net. (Special thanks to Anne Clay for her help with research for this article.)

Barbara Marhoefer has lived in Tyaskin, MD, part time for 34 years. In 2010, she wrote *Tyaskin, Maryland in Photos and Documents: The Story of a Little Town on the Nanticoke River Near the Chesapeake Bay.*

Seeking Local Educational And Business Memorabilia

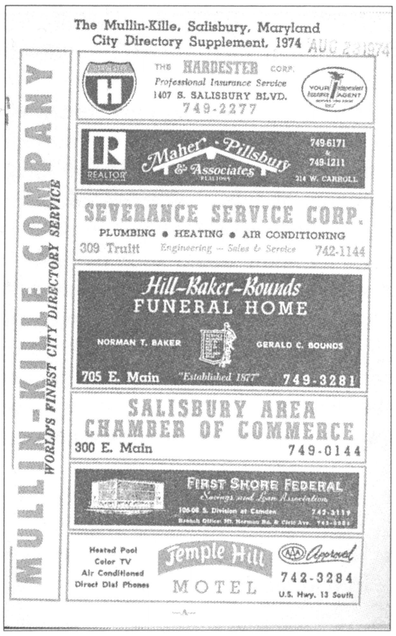


Do you have local yearbooks or phone or business directories gathering dust on a shelf? We are hoping to add to our current collection. While we do have an almost complete collection of both Wicomico High School and Salisbury University's yearbooks, there are many local schools or years not well-represented in our collections. We're looking for yearbooks from other Wicomico County schools as well as yearbooks from other counties on the lower shore - Dorchester, Somerset, Worcester, Accomack, Northampton and Sussex. Yearbooks became prominent at the beginning of the 20th century and many schools have come and gone.

Business and telephone directories are also a great resource for local history research. We do have several directories from Wicomico and assorted counties, but are hoping to fill in some missing areas.

If you have yearbooks or directories that you are willing to donate, contact us at 410-543-6312 or rcdhac@salisbury.edu to see if you have one that would help fill a void in our collection.

Thank you for your support.



The Mullin-Kille, Salisbury, Maryland
City Directory Supplement, 1974 AUG 23 1974

MULLIN-KILLE COMPANY
WORLD'S FINEST CITY DIRECTORY SERVICE

THE HARDESTER CORP.
Professional Insurance Service
1407 S. SALISBURY BLVD.
749-2277

Maher - Pillsbury & Associates
REALTORS
749-6171 & 749-1211
214 W. CARROLL

SEVERANCE SERVICE CORP.
PLUMBING • HEATING • AIR CONDITIONING
309 Truitt Engineering — Sales & Service 742-1144

Hill-Baker-Bounds
FUNERAL HOME
NORMAN T. BAKER GERALD C. BOUNDS
705 E. Main "Established 1877" 749-3281

SALISBURY AREA
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
300 E. Main 749-0144

FIRST SHORE FEDERAL
Savings and Loan Association
106-08 S. Division at Camden 742-3119
Branch Office: Mt. Hermon Rd. & Civic Ave. [illegible]

Heated Pool
Color TV
Air Conditioned
Direct Dial Phones
Temple Hill
MOTEL
AAA Approved
742-3284
U.S. Hwy. 13 South

—A—

Laura Catherine Redden Searing: Somerset County's Own Civil War Poet

By Denise Anne Horner

Laura Redden Searing

Laura Catherine Redden Searing became deaf at the age of 10 from spinal meningitis, or 'brain fever,' but that didn't stop this resourceful young lady from becoming a Civil War correspondent and eventually being on the payroll of several important newspapers. She was born in Somerset County, MD, on February 9, 1840, to a prosperous farmer, Littleton John Redden, and his second wife, Wilhelmina Waller. By a deed dated February 7, 1831, Littleton Redden bought a plot of 143 acres from Catherine, Lorenzo and Clement Parker. According to the deed, the land Redden purchased was located "on the main road leading from Princess Anne to Washington Academy," near where the current Washington Senior High School stands, on the east side of Route 13, bordered by Taylor's Branch on the north and Jones' Creek on the south. The Redden family pulled up stakes after Laura became deaf and moved to St. Louis, MO, where she attended school for the deaf and dumb. In 1860, she began writing under the pseudonym Howard Glyndon for the *St. Louis Republican*. That paper sent Laura Redden to work as a correspondent in Washington, D.C., where she covered the Civil War. After that stint as a reporter, Laura moved to Europe, learned four languages and became a correspondent for the *New York Times*.

After returning to the states in 1868, she joined the staff of the *New York Evening Mail*, and in 1876, she married the lawyer Edward W. Searing. Somewhat later, Laura learned to speak again while studying 'articulation' under the hand of none other than Alexander Graham Bell. When Laura became ill in 1886, the Searings moved to California. In her lifetime, Laura published six books, including a book of poetry, *Idylls of Battle*, and *Poems of the Rebellion*, where the featured poem in this article, "The Battle of Gettysburg," and several others with a Civil War theme are to be found.

Turning to Searing's greatest war poem, "The Battle of Gettysburg" reads aloud like a marching tune, "DA – Dum! DA – Dum! DA – Dum! DA – Dum!" Searing uses iambic tetrameter, or 4-foot meter. Each stanza has eight syllables to a line, with the second syllable in each word accented. Iambic tetrameter is the meter used in 'ballad measure,' a type of poetic meter and rhyme scheme once used for ballad writing and a fitting choice of meter for a heroic war poem such as this. Laura Redden Searing's only departure from traditional ballad measure is her rhyming of the first three lines of each stanza, or quatrain, and ending the fourth line with a non-rhyming word. Searing begins the poem describing a pleasant day amid plenty:

> The days of June were nearly done;
> The fields, with plenty overrun,
> Were ripening 'neath the harvest sun,
> In fruitful Pennsylvania!

The rhyme of first three lines is reminiscent of a soldier's steady, long-legged stride as he marches across the battlefield, ready to meet the foe, whereas the stand-alone last line, "In fruitful Pennsylvania!," closes with the thud of boots striking the ground on the last word, Pennsylvania!, suggesting purposeful marching as if coming up in direct confrontation to the enemy's front lines. Along with a pounding rhythm, the poem's short, easy-to-grasp words allow Searing's audience to march along in imagination to the vibrations of battle and skirmish. It's apparent that Searing chose simple Anglo-Saxon words of only one or two syllables in order to reach more folks among the book's readers.

Still echoing the poem's soldierly tune, a stanza halfway through the poem details the sudden crash of war. A thunderstorm of cannon fire has now begun to rage on the battleground destroying the 'languid' late morning peace when "nature is in a sultry swoon," and "even all the birds were out of tune." The battle heats up:

> When, sudden o'er the slumbering plain,
> Red flashed the battle's fiery rain;
> The volleying cannon shook again
> The hills of Pennsylvania!

Four examples from "Tamerlane," Edgar Allen Poe's first poem, demonstrate his perfect use of iambic tetrameter, or 4 metric feet and eight syllables per line. However, an odd thing occurs as this poem unfolds. Even though Poe uses the same poetic meter as Searing, he creates a relaxing rhythm, and an almost nostalgic feel, both slightly lulling when compared to the martial music of Searing's "Gettysburg":

Tamerlane

by Edgar Allen Poe

> To shun the fate, with which to cope
> Is more than crime may dare to dream, …
>
> The rain came down upon my head
> But barely shelter'd – and the wind …
>
> For I was not as I had been;
> The child of Nature, without care,
> Or thought, save of the passing scene. –
>
> What was there left me now? Despair –
> A kingdom for a broken – heart.

True ballad measure rhymes the first and third lines, and sometimes the second and fourth line as well. Occasionally the 4-foot line becomes a 3-foot, or iambic trimester, in the second and fourth lines, as in the example from Emily Dickinson below.

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

A modern example of iambic tetrameter is the beautifully simple poem, "My Wings," by Ryter Roethicle. Here is its last quatrain or verse:

My wings now turn for what is home,
Whispering and singing out in flight,
The day is done, no time to roam,
Descending now towards the night.

Here is Laura Searing's signature poem, about the Battle of Gettysburg:

The Battle of Gettysburg

by Laura Searing (Howard Glyndon)

THE days of June were nearly done;
The fields, with plenty overrun,
Were ripening 'neath the harvest sun,
In fruitful Pennsylvania!

Sang birds and children, "All is well!"
When, sudden, over hill and dell,
The gloom of coming battle fell
On peaceful Pennsylvania!

Through Maryland's historic land,
With boastful tongue, and spoiling hand,
They burst--a fierce and famished band–
Right into Pennsylvania!

In Cumberland's romantic vale
Was heard the plundered farmer's wail,
And every mother's cheek was pale,
In blooming Pennsylvania!

With taunt and jeer, and shout and song,
Through rustic towns they passed along–
A confident and braggart throng–
Through frightened Pennsylvania!

The tidings startled hill and glen;
Up sprang our hardy Northern men,
And there was speedy travel then,
All into Pennsylvania!

The foe laughed out in open scorn;
For "Union men were coward-born,"
And then–they wanted all the corn
That grew in Pennsylvania!

It was the languid hour of noon,
When all the birds were out of tune,
And nature in a sultry swoon,
In pleasant Pennsylvania;

When, sudden o'er the slumbering plain,
Red flashed the battle's fiery rain;
The volleying cannon shook again
The hills of Pennsylvania!

Beneath that curse of iron hail,
That threshed the plain with flashing flail,
Well might the stoutest soldier quail,
In echoing Pennsylvania!

Then, like a sudden summer rain,
Storm-driven o'er the darkened plain,
They burst upon our ranks and main,
In startled Pennsylvania;

We felt the old ancestral thrill,
From sire to son transmitted still,
And fought for Freedom with a will,
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

The breathless shock–the maddened toil–
The sudden clinch–the sharp recoil–
And we were masters of the soil,
In bloody Pennsylvania!

To westward fell the beaten foe;
The growl of battle, hoarse and low,
Was heard anon, but dying slow,
In ransomed Pennsylvania!

Sou'-westward, with the sinking sun,
The cloud of battle, dense and dun,
Flashed into fire–and all was won
In joyful Pennsylvania!

But ah, the heaps of loyal slain!
The bloody toil! the bitter pain!
For those who shall not stand again
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

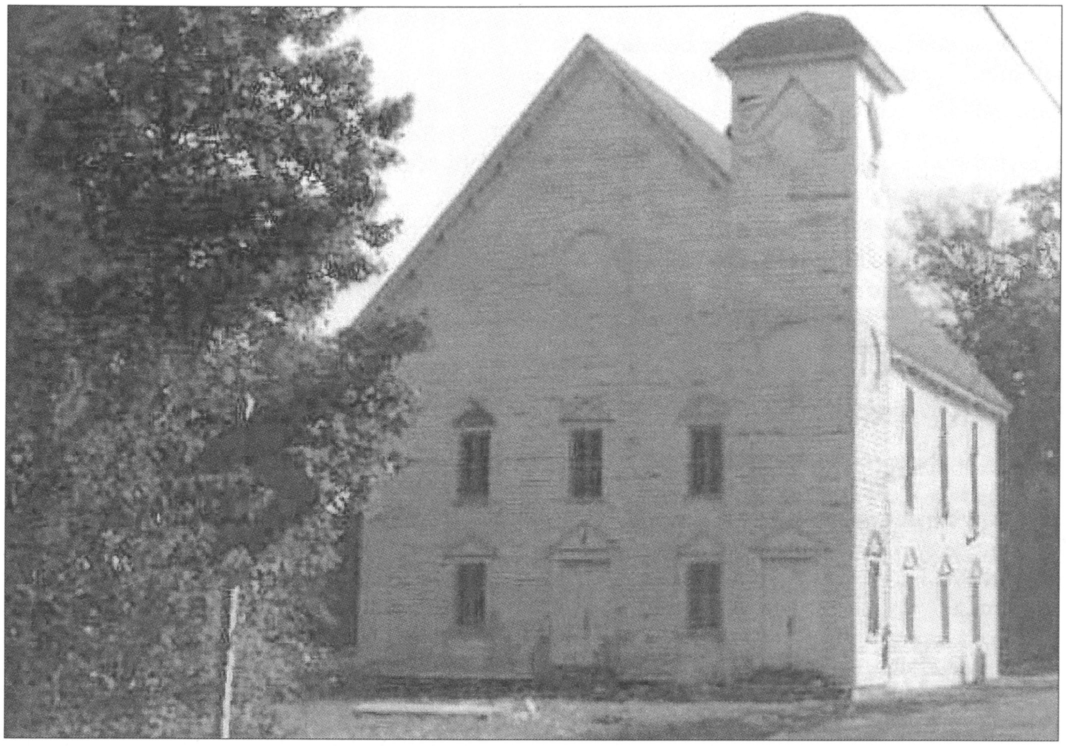
Back, through the verdant valley lands,
Fast fled the foe, in frightened bands,
With broken swords and empty hands,
Out of fair Pennsylvania!

A small aside, Glyndon, a city in Clay County, MO, pop. 1,049 in the 2000 census, was named after Howard Glyndon, the pseudonym of Laura Redden Searing.

Denise Horner is an avid writer who enjoys researching local history topics.

Upper Fairmount's Link to the Harlem Renaissance

By Linda Duyer



Centennial Church in Fairmount, MD. (Photo courtesy of author)

The history of the rural community of Upper Fairmount in Somerset County, MD, includes ties to the roaring Harlem Renaissance. Frederick Ashbury Cullen (1868-1946), born in the Fairmount area, would go on to become a prominent minister and Harlem civil rights leader.

Frederick was the youngest of the 11 children of former slaves Isaac and Emmeline Williams Cullen. Isaac passed away two months after Frederick's birth. At the age of 12, Frederick moved to Baltimore with his mother and worked for a physician while attending Maryland State Normal School (later Towson University).

Cullen returned to Fairmount to teach public school for two years before entering Morgan College, then an Episcopalian seminary (later Morgan State University). He received his ordination to preach in 1900 while in Fairmount, where he preached his sermons at Fairmount Centennial Methodist Episcopal Church.

The frame church in Fairmount was reportedly organized in 1860 and the structure was purchased by the black community in 1884 and named Centennial. The well-known native of the Eastern Shore, Rev. Charles Albert Tindley preached at the church at one time and also taught in the area. This large two-story church was remodeled in 1910. The church, once a prominent center of the community, was deactivated and closed in 1999, and the structure has since been torn down.

Cullen's first assignment had been on a two-church circuit in Catlin, MD, leading the parish from 1900 to 1902. Although the superintendent of his district originally planned to transfer Cullen to a church in Pennsylvania, he was instead reassigned to St. Mark's Church in New York City.

Cullen was assigned to Salem Chapel, St. Mark's small storefront mission in Harlem, which he expanded first by moving the mission to a house on 124th Street. He then moved the mission to property at Lenox Avenue and 133rd Street where it stayed until 1924. The congregation then moved to occupy the West Harlem church formerly occupied by Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, becoming Salem Methodist Episcopal Church, which grew to become one of Harlem's largest churches.

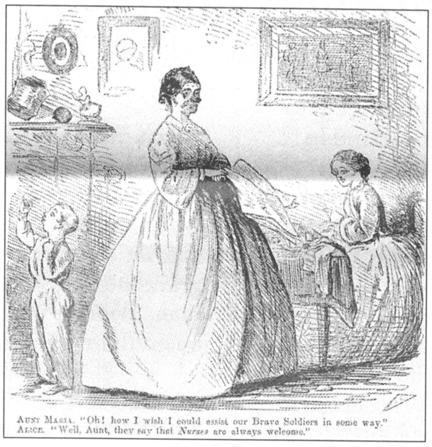
On vacation, Cullen was introduced to Carolyn Belle Mitchell, a soprano and pianist in Baltimore. They married and lived in Harlem, where Carolyn assisted him at Salem until her death in 1932. Having no children of their own, sometime before 1919, the couple unofficially adopted a teenager named Countee Cullen, who became a prominent poet and personality of the Harlem Renaissance. Countee's first wife was Yolande Dubois, the only child of the famous W.E.B. Dubois.

Rev. Cullen, an Eastern Shore native, overcame the circumstances of his birth and became a major force in the community. He supported the development of the National Urban League and was a leader in the Harlem branch of the NAACP, which was established in 1910. He led his church for over 40 years and outlived his wife and son, dying in New York City at the age of 78.

Linda Duyer writes extensively about local African-American history.

Women of the Civil War

By Kendra Pain



Aunt Maria. "Oh! how I wish I could assist our Brave Soldiers in some way."
Alice. "Well, Aunt, they say that *Nurses* are always welcome."

Harpers Weekly, October 18, 1862.

During the American Civil War hundreds of thousands of men enlisted in both the Union and Confederate armies. Driven by a sense of honor, duty and patriotism, these men dedicated themselves to a cause in which they believed. As fathers, husbands, uncles and sons marched off to war, they left behind their families and loved ones; many of those left behind were women who could not fight for the country they loved. Looking back, it is not easy to see what contributions those women made toward the war effort; fascinating soldiers and mesmerizing battles overshadow most of the other events of the time period. By examining articles of *The Easton Gazette,* a pro-Union newspaper from the early 1860s, however, a better idea of the contributions made by women can be formed. These stories and articles expose the fact that being a soldier was not the only worthwhile job available and shed light on the efforts and contributions of women to one of the most important wars in our country's history.

One story that stood out to me was a small piece of fiction published in September 1863 titled *The Little Soldier,* which told the story of a family whose father decides to enlist in the army because it would be dishonorable to stay behind in the comfort and safety of his home while his neighbors go off to defend the nation. His family encourages him to go "and fight for the flag of freedom," so he leaves the farm in the care of his wife and young sons. The boys grew crops to feed the family and earn money and their mother prayed for the preservation of the Union and the safe return of the father. The story concluded with a gentleman seeing the wonderful state of the farm and the youngest son telling him that everyone does their part, "father's fighting, [I'm] digging, and mother's praying." The gentleman declares that the attitude and efforts of the family are the kind of "patriotism that will bring the country out of her distress."

Though *The Little Soldier* is a fictional story, it is very telling about the mindset and expectations of people living in the United States during the Civil War. While men went off to fight, women were needed to care for the children and pray for salvation and success. The sign of a good American family was one which did its part to carry on with everyday life and aid the country to the best of its ability. Staying home and asking God for assistance against the rebel enemy is not as interesting as going south to confront the men who are jeopardizing the nation, but, in a time when men felt it was their moral and Christian duty to defend the free land, it was considered an important and necessary job.

As essential as praying was during this period, it was not the only way women exerted their influence. A more visible example of women taking initiative and making a difference can be seen in the February 1862 article, "The Women of the Loyal States." This article focuses on ladies in Maryland who were gathering donations from women throughout the northern states. These donations could be anything from clothing, to food, to books and magazines. Volunteers would load supplies into boxes that would then be taken to soldiers on the front line. Although those women could not become soldiers they were still finding a way to help and were "breathing the true spirit of patriotism." These women were described as patriots even though they never saw battle nor risked their lives for their country. Through their actions, men were "inspired to a nobler courage and higher devotion to their country's preservation and welfare," showing that it takes people working outside the spotlight to maintain an army.

In a similar article, "To the Patriotic Ladies of Talbot County," printed January 1862, donations are also being gathered. Women are asked to send food that they thought might help wounded or sick soldiers and to sew bed sacks for the hospitals. The author of this article speaks of the way women have "aided convalescence with a skill unknown to the sterner sex." Although women of the time could not become soldiers they were the ones who tended to the sick in their households. It makes sense that during a time of war it would be beneficial for those ladies to care for the ill and injured.

The story, "An American Heroine," continues this idea of women making good nurses. Written in February 1863, this article gives credit to Anna Etheridge for her bravery and patriotism. Although this article was published in Maryland, Anna was from Minnesota; at 19, she volunteered as a nurse, and at the time this piece was written, she had been with her regiment for three years. While the soldiers fought in battle she "fill[ed] her saddle bags with lint and bandages, mount[ed] her horse, and gallop[ed] to the front, pass[ed] under fire, and, regardless of shot and shell, engage[d] in the work of staunching and binding up the wounds." The article relates how she also cooked and cleaned for soldiers at times when she was not needed as a medic. Of all the articles I read on the women of the Civil War, this is, without a doubt, the most heroic story of women assisting in the war. Anna assisted in every battle in which her regiment participated. Her story shows that bravery and honor can be found in many occupations that do not involve fighting. Though she is no soldier it is clear through the acts of her regiment, and their willingness to "submit to almost any sacrifice in her behalf," that she made a difference in the lives of her colleagues.

It is easy to overlook praying, gathering supplies and nursing. In comparison to an exciting career as a soldier, these activities are overshadowed; however, they were important jobs that had to be done. Through the contributions and hard work of women, the soldiers received assistance and care that enabled them to remain courageous and continue in their efforts to preserve our nation.

Kendra Pain, a Salisbury University student majoring in English, is interning at the Nabb Center this semester.

Uncle Billy Was a Soldier: William Washington Adams of Hoopers Island

By Sue Ellen Robinson

In the summer of 1976, as the country was celebrating its bicentennial, I made my first trip to Hooper's Island in Dorchester County, MD, with my grandmother. Each summer when I visited Salisbury, she had short day trips planned to introduce me to the history of the Eastern Shore and of my extended family, both living and dead. That summer I found an instant kinship with the island and my ancestors. It was there that I learned about William Washington Adams or "Spunk" as family members called him. When my grandmother said her mother told her "Uncle Billy" was a soldier during the Civil War, I was fascinated. I was drawn to the fact that he enlisted in the Union Army rather than the Confederate Army. I already knew that many of my other Eastern Shore ancestors were Southern sympathizers, and because of that, William captured my curiosity. I have spent a lot of time over the years looking for information and clues relating to both his choice of service and the events he encountered after he enlisted. Over the years, Adams family members have shared information with me regarding his service records and passed along information to help put "meat on the bones" of his life. This is Spunk's story and I hope I can do this interesting man justice.

William Washington Adams was born February 10, 1838, to Job Washington Adams and Mary Elizabeth Flowers. Job was born on Hoopers Island and Mary Elizabeth was originally from Barren Island. These facts didn't surprise me; I had learned at the Flowers Family Reunion that it was common practice for the young men of Hoopers Island to wade across during low tide to woo the young ladies of Barren Island. During the 1800s, Barren Island was much larger than, and therefore much closer to, Hoopers Island than it is today. William was born on Barren Island, as were his siblings. Though there are discrepancies in some of his pension records indicating Hoopers Island as his place of birth, his granddaughter confirmed later that he was born on Barren Island. Supporting information is sketchy. The confusion could possibly come from the fact that William was living on Hoopers Island when he filed subsequent pension application paperwork and later information was provided by his daughter after his death. I believe Barren Island to be correct because the 1850 census shows him living with his parents in District No. 6, which included Barren Island and Hoopers Island. Also, surrounding families in the census were known to be living on Barren Island at the time. He was the youngest of four siblings, which included a brother Alonza born May 4, 1843, a sister Clarisa A. born in 1844 and another sister (my great-great-grandmother) Mary Jane, born November 29, 1846. As a young man, William was a laborer, a sailor and a watchman before he entered the Union Army as a private in 1861 at the age of 23.

He enrolled for duty on October 28, 1861, in Baltimore for a period of three years and was mustered in on October 30, 1861 in Cambridge, MD, as a private in D Company. Muster rolls show William Washington Adams in the 1st Eastern Shore Infantry of Maryland on October 31, 1861. According to the *Archives of Maryland*, Volume 367, page 606, "The First Eastern Shore Regiment of Infantry, Maryland Volunteers, was organized at Cambridge, Maryland in September, 1861 to serve three years." Company D, in which William served, was recruited in Dorchester County. Initially, the 1st Eastern Shore Infantry Regiment was assigned to special duty on the Eastern Shore. In January and February of 1861, Private Adams was on extra duty as a nurse in the hospital at Easton, MD. However, according to his muster roll, William had been transferred to Company I under Captain Evans by December 31, 1861.

Initially, the regiment was serving as a home guard unit with the duty of patrolling Somerset and Worcester counties. Many from his regiment joined General Lockwood's Brigade, which was sent to patrol Accomack and Northampton counties on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. In March and April of 1862, records show that William lost his knapsack and $2.50. In September/October of 1862, he was promoted to corporal in Company I, 1st Eastern Shore Infantry. His muster rolls show little other than his presence during the balance of 1862 and early 1863.

In June of 1863, the 1st Eastern Shore Regiment followed General Lockwood's Brigade to Gettysburg. Troops reached Gettysburg early on the July 3, 1863, and were attached to the 12th Army Corps on Culp's Hill. There were 583 soldiers in the 1st that morning: five were killed, 16 wounded, and two went missing according to information posted on the 1st Regiment

1ST REGT EASTERN SHORE
MARYLAND VOL. INFANTRY.
COL. JAS. WALLACE.
LOCKWOOD'S INDEPENDENT BRIG.
12TH CORPS.
MARYLAND'S TRIBUTE TO HER LOYAL SONS.

Monument honoring 1st Eastern Shore of Maryland in Gettysburg, PA.

Eastern Shore, Maryland Infantry Web site. At Culp's Hill, the 1st Maryland Confederate Regiment was met by the 1st Eastern Shore Regiment and came face to face with family and friends on the field of battle. William was wounded at Gettysburg with a gunshot wound to the foot. Many of the Maryland Confederate Regiment lost their lives that day, the 1st Eastern Shore grieved at the loss. The reality of "hard war" hit home in this historic battle when each side was called upon to champion its cause against those they called family and friend rather than foe.

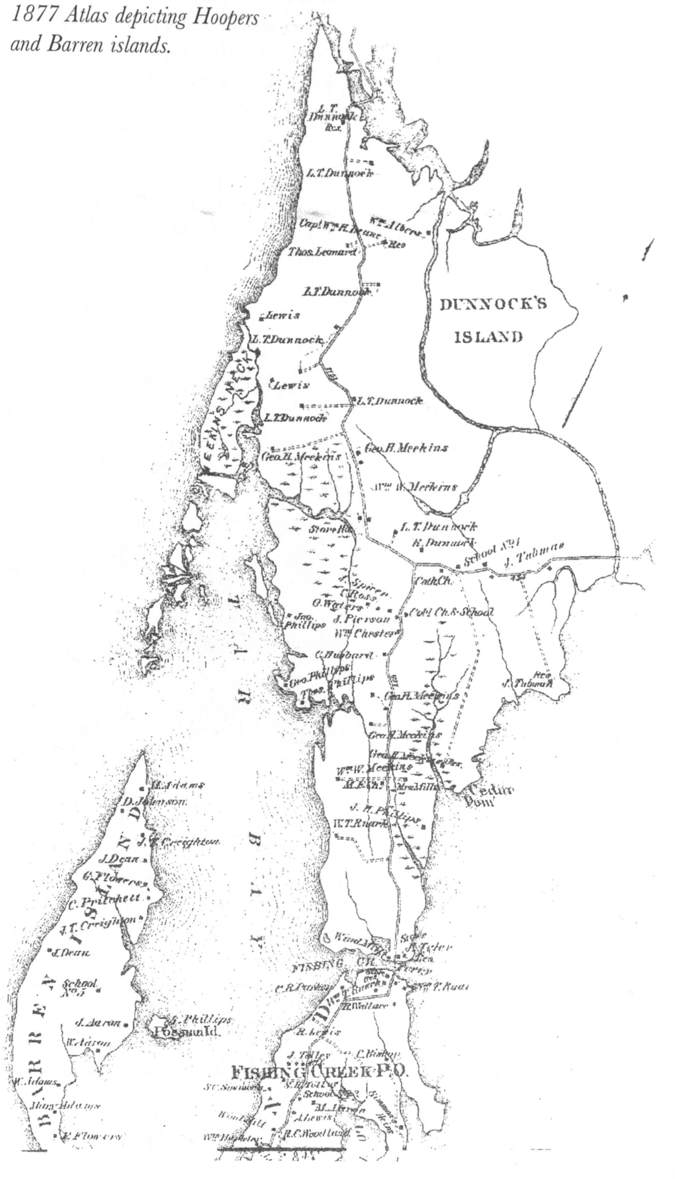
By the spring of 1864, William shows up as sergeant on the muster rolls of Company I, 1st Regiment of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His Individual Muster-out Roll shows him as Wm. W. Addams, Sergeant, Co. I, 1st Regiment Eastern Shore Maryland Infantry. By that time he was 26 years old. His record shows that he was mustered out at the Relay House B&O Railroad in September 1864 and that he was last paid on June 30, 1864. Under the remarks section it states that he had drawn clothing amounting to $47.59 since August 31, 1863, the date of last settlement. It was also noted that he had not yet received the $100 bounty that he was owed for enlisting for one year. I thought that meant William's military service had ended in 1864, but later muster rolls show that Sgt. Adams was transferred to Company E, 1st Regiment Eastern Shore on September 22, 1864, where he appeared on the Individual Muster-out Rolls in Baltimore, MD, in December 1864. On that date, $33 of his bounty money was paid to him and $66 was still due. More information about William was gleaned from his Muster and Descriptive Roll of a Detachment of U.S. Volunteers Forwarded Form. It showed that he enlisted at the Relay House B&O Railroad on September 22, 1864. Personal information included that he was born in Dorchester County, MD, had hazel eyes and dark hair, was 5' 5" tall and was "credited" to the 6th Ward, Baltimore, MD, 2nd Congressional District. Paperwork filed as part of his pension application provided by the Adjutant General's Office on February 26, 1884, showed that William was finally discharged in 1865. To date, I have not located his discharge papers.

Meanwhile, on October 5, 1864, William Washington Adams married Margaret S. Smith (Maggie) of Smiths Island in Baltimore, MD. The Reverend Robert H. Roe officiated. William and Maggie went on to have 12 children, the first of which was born two months after his discharge. His children were: Alberta, 1865; Sidney, 1866; Joseph W., 1869; Mary Ann, 1870; Charles A., 1871; Job W., 1874; Eliza Elmira, 1876; Mary W., 1879; Maggie W., 1881; Delasta W., 1882; and finally Lamberdine and Ruthine (twins) in 1884.

WILLIAM W. ADAMS
SGT. CO. E
1 MD. INF.

Gravesite of Adams in Fishing Creek. (Photo courtesy of James D. Hedburg)

1877 Atlas depicting Hoopers and Barren islands.



http://www.mikehitch.com/hoondist.gif

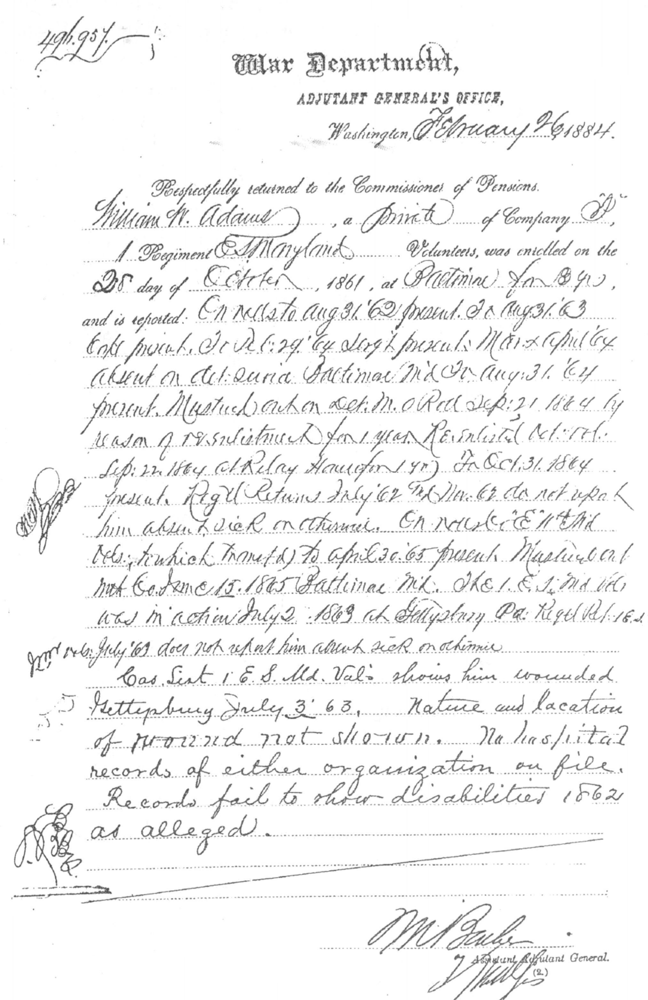
Before the twins were born, on October 1, 1883, William filed his first Declaration of Original Invalid Pension and appeared before the clerk of the Circuit Court of Dorchester County. According to papers filed at that time, he had served in the Union Army from October 28, 1861, until June 16, 1865. He claimed receiving a shell wound of the right foot at Gettysburg, contracting cholera from exposure near Salisbury, MD, and piles (hemorrhoids) from hard marching in July of 1862 (however, I suspect it was actually 1863 during his march to Gettysburg). William also states that he was treated in hospitals near Gettysburg and Harper's Ferry, though no records were located.

His Declaration for Pension filed in July of 1925 stated that after his discharge he resided in Baltimore, MD, from 1865 to 1875, Hoopers Island from 1875-1910, and Cambridge from 1910 to 1925, where he died on April 29, 1932, and was buried at Fishing Creek, MD. However, I found that William was living on the southern end of Barren Island near his mother in 1877 thanks to the Hoopers Island, District No 6., Dorchester County map found in the 1877 Atlas created by Lake, Griffing & Stevenson of Philadelphia, PA, which included Barren Island and the location of homes and their owners.

June 1898 pension records show that Adam's wife Maggie had died on July 11, 1895. They also create a new question as to the number of children William and Maggie had. The paperwork states that only three of his children were still living as of that date: Maggie, Lamberdine and another child unidentifiable due to poor penmanship. Since the census of 1910 shows William living with his daughter Eliza "Ella" Creighton and her family, I would assume it was she, but that is impossible to determine from the handwriting. By 1930, William was still living with the same family members in Cambridge, MD. William Washington Adams died on April 29, 1932, in Cambridge and was buried in Hosier Memorial Cemetery at Hosier Memorial United Methodist Church, Hoopers Island, MD, as were four other Civil War veterans: Charles Flowers, Edward Simmons, Jeremiah H. Tolley and Samuel H. Tolley. Church records indicate that the unmarked grave of Maggie is also in this cemetery. In the book *We Once Lived on Hoopers Island; Remembering Those Buried in Hosier Memorial Cemetery* written by Jacqueline Simmons Hedberg and James D. Hedberg, on page 10 the authors note, "It is ironic that Hosier was a member of Southern Methodist Conference (the Methodist Church divided in 1844 over the issue of slavery), but all the Civil War veterans buried in this cemetery fought for the Union." Although church membership was not a prerequisite for burial in the cemetery, it does speak to the fact that those veterans, for one reason or another, chose the Union over the Confederacy in that tight-knit, isolated community.

The story of William Washington Adams is but one of many in a nation divided. I endeavored to bring William's story to life to honor a man who chose to fight for the union of our nation. Perhaps the lesson learned is that every individual choice has an impact in the grand scheme of things. His choice caused me to research his life and write his story 80 years after his death.

Sue Ellen Robinson, a long-time supporter of the Nabb Center, is a frequent researcher and writer on topics of 19-century, local history.



496.957.

War Department,

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Washington, February 26, 1884.

Respectfully returned to the Commissioner of Pensions.

William W. Adams, a Private of Company "D", 1 Regiment E. S. Maryland Volunteers, was enrolled on the 28 day of October, 1861, at Baltimore for 3 yrs, and is reported: On rolls to Aug 31 '62 present. To Aug 31 '63 [illegible] present. To Feb 29 '64 Sergt. present. Mar & April '64 absent on det. service Baltimore Md. To Aug 31 '64 present. Mustered out on det. M. O. Roll Sep 21 1864 by reason of re-enlistment for 1 year. Re-enlisted [illegible] Sep 22 1864 at Relay House for 1 yr. To Oct 31 1864 present. Regt'l Returns July '62 to Nov '62 do not report him absent sick or otherwise. On rolls Co "E" 11th Md Vols, to which transf'd to April 30 '65 present. Mustered out with Co June 15 1865 Baltimore Md. The 1 E. S. Md Vols was in action July 2 1863 at Gettysburg Pa. Regt'l Ret. 1 E. S. Md Vols July '63 does not report him absent sick or otherwise.

Cas. List 1 E. S. Md. Vols shows him wounded Gettysburg July 3 '63. Nature and location of wound not shown. No hospital records of either organization on file. Records fail to show disabilities 1862 as alleged.

Assistant Adjutant General.

(2.)

Adams' pension.

Correspondence as an Original Source

Among Salisbury University classes seeking to do original research on local topics, military subjects seem always to be a favorite. This year, with the 150th anniversary of the Civil War on the horizon, many students are mining records, including private letters from Eastern Shore soldiers and their families. Mothers were always chiding their sons to write home more often. Always there was the long "I miss you" section of each letter and loving references to brothers and sisters. Each letter adds an important piece to the reconstruction of the history of the Civil War period.

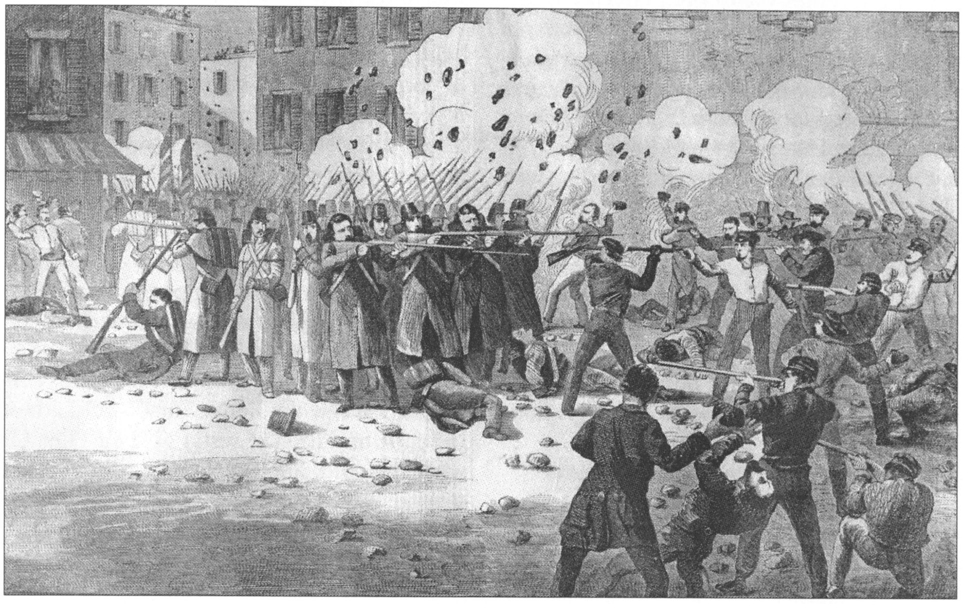
Just as important are letters from the Spanish American War and from World War I and II and the Korean and Vietnam Wars. This year, we have had a number of classes study the World War II letters that we have in our collections. Students are finding out, first hand, the life on the "home front" and on the "battle front" from this correspondence.

If any of you, reading this note, have correspondence from any of the above wars that you would care to share with us, we'd be delighted to have it. Letters are an important original source; our students are taught to analyze original records as a part of every history course they take. Your help in helping us recover the past is greatly appreciated.

Thank you.

Maryland, My Maryland: The Story Behind its Creation

[The following article is from the William H. Wroten Collection in the Nabb Research Center.]



Battle of Baltimore as shown in Harper's Weekly May 4, 1861.

WBAL
NBC Affiliate
2160 North Charles Street
Baltimore 18, Maryland
May 11, 1958

Dear Listener:

We are happy to send you the copy of our ANNAPOLIS INDEX program which you recently requested. Researched and written by the staff of the Department of Information, ANNAPOLIS INDEX is produced and presented each Sunday afternoon at 12:15p.m. over the facilities of radio station WBAL 1090 k.c.) as a public service.

Thank you for listening.

Earle R. Poorbaugh, Director
Maryland Department of Information

Maryland, My Maryland

Within the past year [1958], we have set up an interesting exhibit in the State House at Annapolis, in the form of a manuscript copy of "Maryland, My Maryland" in the handwriting of the author, James Ryder Randall. Thousands of people have stopped to look at it, and I have sometimes been surprised at the questions they have asked and the comments they have made. It wouldn't be strange, of course, if these questions and comments were [hadn't been] from our own people- Marylanders. I've been obliged to conclude that we all do not know as much about this famous song of ours as perhaps we should.

For, of course, "Maryland, My Maryland" is famous. It is one of the very few state songs that is known and sung all over the nation. So it does seem that we, the people of Maryland, ought to brush up a bit on the story of how we got it.

One thing that emerged from the aforesaid questions and comments was this – almost nobody today knows that the song dates back to the Civil War and is a virtual hymn to the Confederacy, or, better to say, to secession. I heard a school teacher remark the other day, while she was touring the State House, that, though she had been giving the song to her pupils for some years, she had not known, herself, that the enemy who is referred to in all its stanzas, was the United States. She had been assuming that the "despot," whose heels, the poem says, was on Maryland's shore, was the traditional foe of our country's early years, England. Far from it. The despot was our own Federal Government. The author of "Maryland, My Maryland" was a fiery Confederate, and he wrote his poem as an exhortation to our state to secede. When we sing our official song we are singing a Confederate war song, pure and simple.

It was not written to be sung at all. Its original title was simply "My Maryland." That was what the author called it – "My Maryland," not "Maryland, My Maryland." Yet the latter title is now the correct one, for when the song was made the official anthem of the State, the law so named it. The poet could not be consulted as to his feelings about the change – he had died in 1908 and the law was passed in 1939. The original version of the song, furthermore, contained a deliberate slight against Francis Scott Key, the poet himself took this out. Perhaps I had better go into detail about some of this.

The man who composed the poem was James Ryder Randall, a native Baltimorean of distinguished ancestry. The best description I can give of him, relative to our song, is perhaps just this – he was twenty-one when he wrote it; it is a young man's exuberance.

He was far from home at the time; living in Louisiana, where he taught English at Poydras College [Pointe Coupee Parish]. It was April, 1861. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment of the United States Army had been fired upon by Confederate sympathizers as it was passing through Baltimore. They fired back and causalities had resulted on both sides. Here is James Ryder Randall's account of how the news of the shootings affected him, when he read it in a New Orleans paper.

He says, "This account excited me greatly. I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there enflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep; for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the newspaper from my mind. About midnight, I rose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and, almost involuntarily, I proceeded to write the song of "My Maryland." I remember that the idea appeared to first take shape as music in the brain – some wild air that I cannot recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not an inspiration of the intellect."

This is what Randall wrote to the famous critic, Brander Matthews, in reply to a query of Matthews about the composition of the song. Matthews wanted the information for a work he was compiling on songs of the Confederacy generally. It was twenty-three years after the event, but, as you note, what Randall dwells on is his frenzied emotional state. That obviously was what he remembered.

I will also call your attention to the fact that, in naming his poem in the letter to Mr. Matthews, he called it "My Maryland." Not "Maryland, My Maryland," just "My Maryland." The manuscript copy, of which I spoke a minute ago, clearly bears that title in his own hand. And in the poem as Randall wrote it, the second and fourth lines of each verse, which are now sung, "Maryland, My Maryland," were simply the one word – "Maryland." Like this:

> The despot's heel is on thy shore,
> Maryland!
> His torch is at thy temple door,
> Maryland!

He had not time in mind when he wrote it, you see. Of how it became set to music to two different tunes he has this to say:

I read the piece to the college boys…they were much enthused by its recitation and begged me to have it published. I sent it to the Delta (a New Orleans newspaper) and it first appeared in the journal. I did not concern myself much about it; but, very soon, from all parts of the country, there was borne to me, in my remote place of residence, a consciousness that I had made a great hit and that, whatever might be the fate of the Confederacy, the song would survive it.

About the last sentence, he was very right, as you all see.

The reason he had this consciousness of having made a hit was simply this – his poem proved to be one of those things that caught on, as we say, overnight. But it caught on as a French song called "My Normandy," and Randall himself rated that as the best musical arrangement. It was the tune he preferred. It was not sung to its present tune until it reached Baltimore.

That happened the next month, which was quick travel in those days. Without radio or even fast trains, the song spread over the land. Sheer popularity did for it what the communication systems of the time could not. One person heard it from another, and that was how it moved along. By May it was in the home city of the poet. It was published there just as a poem – without music. It appeared in a magazine called South. But it did not remain tuneless long. And the story of how it was put to music, and how it was introduced as a song in its author's native town is, I think, a very touching tale.

There were two young ladies, sisters, the Misses Cary. One, Miss Hetty Cary, who subsequently married Dr. Newell Martin of Johns Hopkins University, wrote the story to Brander Matthews, as a contribution to his book on Confederate songs. The other sister, Miss Jennie, was known among her friends for her beautiful voice. Both girls were ardent Confederate sympathizers.

The story, as Miss Hetty told it, was that the sisters were trying to work out a program for the next meeting of their glee club. Miss Hetty read the poem, "My Maryland"in the magazine South. She then, as she put it, "declaimed" the news to her sister and her sister instantly cried out that the lines fit the tune of "Lauriger Horatius," the famous Latin college song. Miss Hetty thereupon saw the light. They would adapt the new poem to the old tune and use the result as their Glee Club program. That is what they did, and presumably that it is when the change of the second and fourth lines was made. To make them fit the tune of "Lauriger Horatius."

Well, the young ladies carried the program out, and when their musical friends heard the song, they all joined in the refrains with such enthusiasm that, as Mrs. Newell was to write later, "a crowd assembled under our open windows." Then the members of this crowd joined in and yelled the chorus. In a short time, the song had become popular all through the town.

That was how it was introduced to civilians in Maryland, but the Cary sisters were not through. Like many Confederate sympathizers they were sending aid to the Confederate troops, sewing and making garments for their friends and relatives who had slipped away to Virginia to join the Southern army. After a while, the girls and their mother came under suspicion, and decided to go into Virginia themselves, taking several trunks full of the uniforms with them. They managed to get successfully across the state line, but at first could find no transportation. Finally they got a dray wagon which was drawn by an ox and a mule hitched together. They loaded the trunks into this vehicle but before they started they raised a Maryland flag which Miss Hetty had brought along, "concealed," as she said, "on her person." They fastened the banner to a rough pole and, holding it aloft, they drove their odd team along the road, singing "Maryland, My Maryland" at the top of their lungs.

It is, I think, a touching and charming picture.

And finally, these young ladies introduced the song to the Confederate troops. That was when they visited a cousin of theirs who was an officer in a Confederate encampment at Fairfax Court House, Virginia. The soldiers serenaded them and they asked their cousin to appear before the men and express their thanks. They also wanted to know if there was anything they could do in return for the courtesy. When this question was asked, the soldiers replied, "Let us hear a woman's voice!" So the gifted Miss Jennie, standing in the tent door, under the cover of darkness, sang "Maryland, My Maryland." This, said Miss Hetty, was the birth of the song in the army. The refrain was speedily caught up and tossed back to us by hundreds of rebel throats."

Throughout the Civil War, troops from all the southern States sang the rousing air. A Union veteran, in later year, remembered how, in one encampment, when the armies were very close together, the Union men would sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and Confederate[s] would cheer. Then they would sing" Maryland, My Maryland" – and the Union soldiers would cheer back. Both poems, you will note, were written by Marylanders.

Isn't that an interesting thing? That two great battle songs – one of such grandeur as to become the national anthem – the other so irresistible as to survive the bitterness of fraternal strife – were both the work of inspired poets of our State? It is something for us to be proud of certainly.

There are, however, other similarities which perhaps are not so much to our credit. For instance, almost none of us know the words of either song. I have been made aware of this, in the case of our State Song, by the comments of our State House visitors. They are surprised to learn that there are nine stanzas. In general, most of us only know the first two.

Were it not that both poets were from our State, however, we might find it strange that the original version of "Maryland, My Maryland" contains that slight on Francis Scott Key, of which I spoke a few minutes ago. Randall himself admitted his intention to decry the earlier poet. The last line of stanza three [shown as stanza five here], which now reads "And chaunt they deathless slogan-song," was first written this way – "And give a new Key to thy song." The pun was intended to be derogatory. But more generous feelings prevailed, and Randall changed the line, saying the original was "unworthy."

Come to the State House and see the copy in James Ryder Randall's own hand. It is worth the trip.

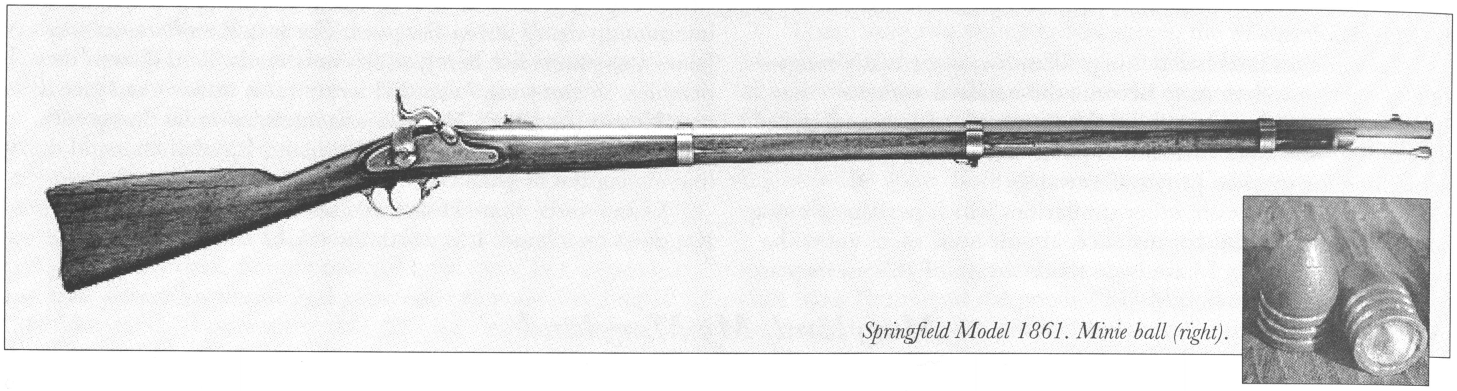
Maryland, My Maryland

I
The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!
II
Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!
III
Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,-
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!
IV
Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!
V
Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own anointed throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And sing thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!
VI
Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain –
Sic semper! 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!
VII
I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!
VIII
Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll, Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the Soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!
IX
I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb-
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

"Maryland, My Maryland" lyrics as found in Maryland at a Glance State Symbols on Maryland State Archives Web site

The Effect of the Rifle Musket on the Outcome of the American Civil War

By Christopher D. Pence



Springfield Model 1861. Minie ball (right).

Silence filled the field. Not a man spoke but those who neared closer to the field. The generals stared each other in the eye, readying themselves for the battle to come. The soldiers barely moved, waiting for their orders to fire. The generals returned to their sides, and the order came. Gunshots cracked the field like a whip. Men started to fall. A fourteen-year-old felt a sharp pain through his chest, and knew his time was short. He still tried to reload his musket after his first shot, which had strayed far from its target, hitting only a far-off tree. The bloodstained grass cushioned the young man's last seconds as he slowly sank into oblivion, praying for salvation. He had time to wonder why his gun was not enough to save him from the pain. Gunshots faded into the distance, and the young soldier's eyes closed, his last image being one of fear, hate, and a musket whose power and accuracy should have been enough to save his life.

This scene could have occurred many times during the Civil War. Men let their guard down only to reload their guns. The bullets still flew, killing off many as they hastily poured the powder down the muzzle of their old-style muskets, then rammed the shot. A soldier firing into the air to strike a general on horseback soon learned to expect the kick-back from the musket and the almost impossibility of hitting what he aimed at. Without rigorous maintenance, too, muzzle-loaders fired inaccurately, wasting many hundreds of bullets.

Before the invention of the breech-loading rifle musket, the world's armies relied on the muzzle-loading, smoothbore flintlock musket, invented about 1610 in France as an improvement on the matchlock musket, a similar firearm that depended on a lit match for ignition. The smoothbore flintlock was loaded at the mouth of its barrel, or muzzle, with loose gunpowder and a round ball. The inside of the barrel, called the bore, was smooth, with no spiraling rifle grooves. The ignition system featured a hammer, called a cock, which held a small piece of flint. When the trigger was pulled, the cock fell and scraped the flint against a rough piece of metal known as the frizzen pan cover. This ignited the loose gunpowder on the frizzen pan, which then ignited the main powder charge inside the barrel, behind the ball. The explosion from the ignited gunpowder then forced the ball out of the barrel of the gun.

While not the first long-barreled gun devised for the battlefield, the muzzle-loader was a gun an experienced soldier could load and fire up to four times per minute, the most rapid fire of the time. To load the weapon, the soldier used a pre-prepared paper cartridge containing both powder and ball. He would tear off the powder end of the cartridge with his teeth, pour some of the loose powder from the cartridge into the frizzen pan and then close the pan cover to keep the powder dry and in place. Next, he poured the remaining powder down the barrel of the gun and rammed the ball down on top of the powder with a metal ramrod. Finally, the soldier would use the empty paper cartridge as a plug, stuffing it down the barrel. This acted as a stopper, strong enough to keep the ball from rolling out if the soldier pointed the barrel of the gun downward, but weak enough not to obstruct the travel of a fired ball.

Earlier guns required carrying an awkward powder horn and several tiny balls in a game bag. The muzzle-loader was not even equipped with a rear sight for precise aiming because both soldiers and gun manufacturers knew aiming was often a fruitless effort with the smoothbore flintlock. At 40 yards, "the flintlock smoothbore could usually hit a target measuring one square foot, but at three hundred yards, only one shot in 20 would hit a target of 18 square feet." To gain better accuracy, there was only one answer: the rifle.

Rifles had been around since before the American Revolution, and even then were more accurate than the muzzle-loader. One such weapon, the Kentucky flintlock rifle, a good long-range gun, was a favored weapon in the Revolution. Common practice targets, challenging even for modern guns, included the head of a tack, positioned at 20 yards, the head of a turkey, at 100 yards, and the body of a turkey, at 200 yards. At 400 yards, a skilled soldier with a Kentucky rifle could easily hit targets as large as horses. The only issue with the rifle was loading it, a very slow, difficult process.

The rifle ball had to fit inside the barrel tightly in order to fit into the spiraling grooves of the barrel, making it hard to force the ammunition down the muzzle, a job that cost a soldier time, especially on the battlefield, where if he repeatedly fired the weapon, residue from the gunpowder would fill the grooves of the rifle. After several shots, the rifleman would have to pound the tight-fitting ball down the barrel, costing him even more time and a lot of muscle. The rifle's slow rate of fire was about one-third that of the smoothbore, which made the rifle impractical for general military use. Only a few skilled riflemen in each platoon carried the rifle, while the rest carried muzzle-loaders. Soldiers were better off firing three or four shots per minute in the direction of an approaching enemy unit with the smoothbore, than firing only once a minute or more with pinpoint accuracy at individual targets with the rifle. What the men needed was a combination of these two weapons, a gun with the range and accuracy of the rifle and the loading speed of the smoothbore. This dream soon became a reality, with the invention of the rifle musket.

In the mid-19th century, Capt. Thouvenin, a French artilleryman, invented the first rifle musket, or 'stem rifle,' a muzzle-loader whose invention and evolution would change the outcome of the Civil War. The barrel of the rifle contained grooves built into it, stabilizing the bullet and giving it more range and accuracy. The rifling of the gun gave the fired ball a spiraled spin, creating a more even flight, and making the ball more accurate in hitting its target. Capt. Thouvenin's 'stem' rifle' was quick, with an effective range of 600 yards. It was used for more than 10 years, but the soldier needed to ram the ball down carefully in a specific fashion each time for the rifle to fire correctly. When the ball was loaded incorrectly, it was not able to fully catch the barrel's rifling. This meticulous process left soldiers in about the same place they had been in before. The gun took too long to load and had little range or accuracy when loaded incorrectly.

Capt. Claude-Etienne Minie, a French inventor, revolutionized the 'stem rifle,' and its ammunition, leading to the rifle musket. The issue of the bullet's not catching the rifling was solved by the conical, grooved minie ball. Its hollow bottom allowed the gases produced by the powder explosion to expand the sides of the bullet to fit the rifling, giving the gun greater accuracy and range. The grooves in the rifle barrel and on the minie ball's spinning body allowed the ball to gather momentum and fly faster and further than the typical round ball. The Minie rifle was used from 1846. Widely successful in the Crimean War (1854-1856), it essentially became the model of all rifle muskets in the American Civil War.

Now that accuracy and range were assured, it was time to revolutionize the loading of the weapon. Until the development of the breech-loader, all guns were muzzle-loaders, with the powder and charge being loaded down the barrel. The breech-loader was safer and easier for its user, but deadlier for the target, and it could be loaded much more quickly than the old muzzle-loader.

In 1826, Capt. Henri-Gustave Delvigne, a French weapons expert, built a new rifle that contained an independent gunpowder chamber in its breech, toward the back of the weapon. This new powder chamber was built with a lip that separated from the rest of the barrel, beyond which powder could pass, but not the bullet. In his earliest models, Devigne would ram a standard round lead ball down the barrel of the gun and pound it against the lip of the breech with the ramrod until it flattened just enough to grip the rifling grooves. The pounding disfigured the ball, greatly reducing its accuracy. He then devised an elongated, cylindrical bullet with a flat base that was made to expand more evenly during the ramming; the bullet eventually was the inspiration for the minie ball. Delvigne's design, while revolutionary, proved unsuitable for the general military use, because the powder chamber became clogged too quickly for battle and the bullet still ended up too deformed for accurate flight.

Other weapons were devised according to this model, but none proved practical for the battlefield. Then, in the mid-1820s, Americans invented the Hall rifle, the "first truly functional" breech-loading weapon and worked on it tirelessly. In 1855, the Secretary of War and soon-to-be-President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, adopted the Minie system, using the Springfield .58 caliber rifle musket for the United States Army.

When the Civil War broke out on April 12, 1861, the South had fully adopted the rifle musket, most of the men carrying either the Springfield .58 or the British Enfield rifle, another breech-loader with a barrel eight inches shorter than that of the rifle musket. The North, still used to muzzleloaders, refused to use the rifle musket. It would not be until mid-1861 that the Federal Armory in Springfield, MA, would begin to make the Model 1891 Springfield rifle musket. A Union soldier in Washington, D.C., wrote in the early days of the Civil War that "some importance has been attributed to the fact that the Southern men … are better marksmen than the soldiers of the North, and that they will consequently possess a great advantage through such superiority in the hour of battle."

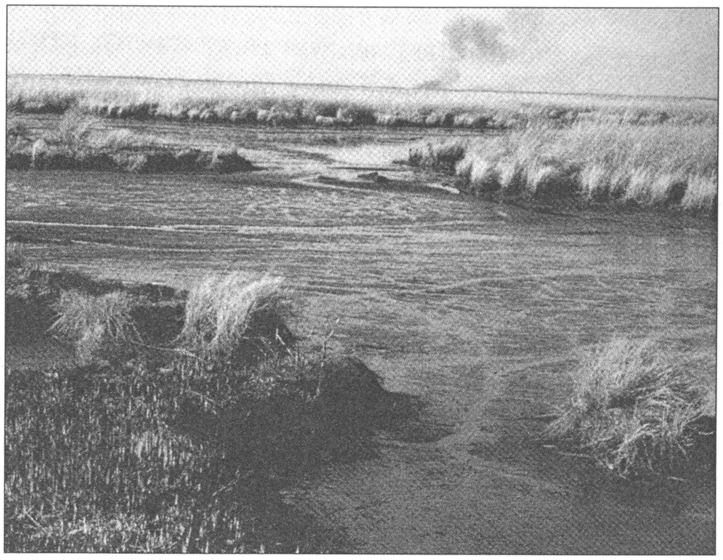
The rifle musket and the minie ball both had a great deal to do with the losses suffered by each side during the Civil War. The breech-loading rifle musket and the minie ball led to the most casualties of any war in American history. More than 110,000 Union soldiers were killed, while an additional 275,000 were wounded. On the Confederate side, 94,000 were killed, and 194,000 were wounded. According to hospital records, rifle bullets caused 90 percent of these casualties, most of these being minie bullets. Artillery projectiles, that is cannon balls and other ammunition, caused less than 9 percent of these casualties, and the swords that soldiers often carried and bayonets attached to their guns accounted for less than 1 percent of the casualties.

Both armies' deadliness had increased due to the rifle musket and the minie ball. Had this weapon not been invented, casualty rates could perhaps have been much lower, and the war a lot less bloody. Maybe America would have realized that it could not fight the biggest war in its history with only muzzle-loaders, deciding rather on negotiation to settle its problems.

This article is condensed from a paper Christopher Pence wrote for his History 395 Material Culture class at Salisbury University.

The Confrontation That Never Occurred: Langralls and the Civil War

By Hal Roth



The marsh surrounding Langrall's Island. (Photo courtesy of Hal Roth)

Those unfamiliar with the vast sweep of Chesapeake Bay marshes may have difficulty visualizing their islands – stands of pine and brush encompassed by a vast sea of grass, broken by ponds, flats of quicksand, and winding brackish streams, and menaced by capricious storms and tides. One of them is named Langralls.

I have walked there beneath the whistle of duck wings and the wheeling shadows of eagles. I have been afoot when a cottony wrap of October fog held the tangled copse in its snug and mysterious grip, when ice locked the ponds and streams, and when blasts of savage wind bent the stunted loblollies until I feared they would be carried away like so many straws. I have been mesmerized there on summer days when nothing seemed anchored, when distant islands rippled within a mirage that extended to the limits of sight, when the only thing solid was the weight of the afternoon heat.

There also have I shuddered at the vision of insect clouds rising like mist on a humid, dog-day night, enjoyed the caress of an Indian summer sun, its blaze wed with the fire of autumn leaves, and thrilled at waves of tawny grass outspread to all horizons – a light and a landscape so beautiful, so subtle, yet so ever-changing that the most accomplished artist would hesitate at her canvas. In cities, the arcing path of sun and moon and the whirl of the stars around Polaris go almost unnoticed; here, they dominate the landscape and the mind. But I am allowing the poetry of the place to get in the way of a story I want to tell.

Many years ago, I considered buying Langralls Island; it was then I first explored it. Eventually the State of Maryland made the purchase, and so it belongs to me anyway, and to all the state's residents – in the end a far better disposition. Later it was the island's long-departed settlers I returned to discover – or whatever track they may have left. A forgotten graveyard adrift in history is all I found.

Far back, away from the road that barely disturbs the western edge of the island, the cold, gray slabs sit in various attitudes of disarray among a scattering of trees and shrubs; some are fallen, some broken, and the monument to Retcena (or Retgena) is tilted and imbedded in the roots and lower trunk of a large red oak which each year absorbs another fraction of her epitaph. The oldest stele bears a date of death in 1834, the most recent, 1869. Between those years there were 19 burials, and all but two are Langralls: 2-year-old James Evins and 35-year-old Saley McCrareadey.

One of the more simple monuments tilting behind the long, dominant row of graves bears the epitaph:

In Memory of
Rebecca A.
Wife of Henry W. Langrall
Born May 18th, 1823
Died July 16th, 1854

I made a note when I copied it: "And where is this man whose ego prompted him to publish his name on the grave of his wife as though to possess her for eternity?" There is no stone announcing his resting place. And who was Rebecca, so young when folded into the sodden earth of a shallow, marsh grave? All I can discover is that marriage did not change her name – Rebecca Langrall married Henry Langrall on May 17, 1847, the year she turned 24. They were undoubtedly cousins.

On September 14, 1861, five months after Confederate artillery opened fire on Union troops garrisoned in Fort Sumter to inaugurate the American Civil War, and less than two months after the Army of Northern Virginia turned a well-planned but poorly executed Union attack on the banks of Bull Run into a Union rout, 39-year-old Henry W. Langrall enrolled in Lincoln's Army as a corporal, agreeing to serve for three years. Job Langrall, age 45, relationship unknown but probably a brother or cousin, went with him. They were mustered into Company B, 1st Regiment Eastern Shore Maryland Infantry at Cambridge on September 20 and assigned to guard the vulnerable railroad hub at Salisbury.

Common interests swayed sections of Maryland and other border states to the cause of the Confederacy, and this attraction was felt perhaps more strongly on the Eastern Shore than anywhere else. Thus it was that friends and even members of families were drawn to opposing sides in the conflict. Included on the rolls of Company F, Second Maryland Infantry, Confederate States of America, I discovered two privates named McCready, their residence listed as Vienna, MD. Several McCready families lived between Langralls Island and Vienna, a distance of less than 15 miles. I have always assumed that a stone cutter's error placed "Saley McCrareadey" on the grave actually occupied by Saley McCready. Why she rests in a row of graves among the Langralls can only be imagined; she was probably a near neighbor if not herself a resident of the island. Hundreds of people once lived between Vienna and Elliott, and a United States Census from the period records John McCrady (sic), only 10 names removed on the hand-written roll from James and Job Langrall, both residents of Langralls Island. The Census reports only the names of household heads.

These pieces of information came to me over a long period of time, years actually, and were each noted with only casual interest until I became absorbed in details of the Civil War, especially of the Battle of Gettysburg, that massive, three-day conflagration that was to turn the tide against the South. The fact that Langrall and McCready neighbors had gone to war on opposing sides had been shelved somewhere in the back of my mind.

When Lee invaded Maryland in the summer of 1863, the 1st Eastern Shore Regiment (the Langralls' unit) was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac and embarked for Baltimore. On June 28, they set out on foot to join General Lockwood's Brigade, part of the broad deployment to intercept and blunt Lee's advance. After a brief encounter with J.E.B Stewart's Confederate cavalry, they continued on to Taneytown where they arrived on July 1 and learned their brigade had joined the 12th Corps.

That morning, forward contingents of the opposing forces had come face to face at Gettysburg. While bloody skirmishes raged along Seminary Ridge, couriers galloped off with news of the contact to scattered regiments of both armies. Shortly after noon, a Union corps moved through the dusty hamlet, was quickly swept up in the whirlwind of a vigorous Confederate thrust and then sent reeling back through the town. The day ended with both armies gathering their forces and the Union digging in on high ground commanding the field.

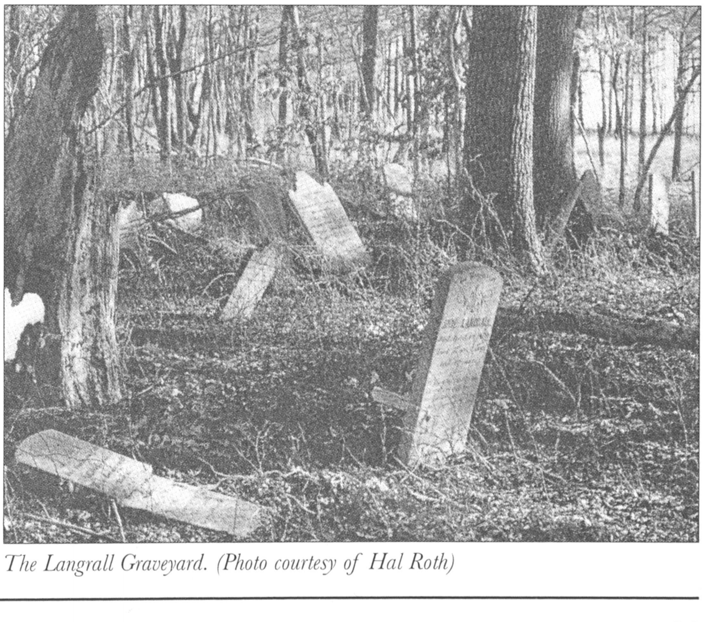
July 2 was an agony of combat that focused on the opposite end of the battle line, on and to the fronts of the Roundtops. Dawn found the 1st Eastern Shore stripping for action. Leaving all nonessential gear in camp, the regiment struck out toward Gettysburg where it arrived around 6 p.m.; night had fallen before they joined the 12th Corps.

At 8 a.m. on July 3, the 1st was ordered to its baptism of fire on Culps Hill where it assisted in driving the Rebels from trenches they had seized the evening before. Confederate infantry rallied and countercharged. Marylanders in gray launched one of several costly, failed attacks, losing 31 men and their mascot, a black dog that led the charge, in the first storm of bullets. Musketry from Union lines was merciless, and, in the end, Maryland casualties exceeded half of their roster of 400, one soldier killing himself with a shot to the head rather than surrender. I discovered that among the dead and wounded were men who had enlisted with McCreadys, but books and records at my immediate disposal provided no information about the fate of either the McCreadys or the Langralls. I became intrigued by the possibility that neighbors, perhaps friends, had faced each other through the acrid smoke of battle on that hill far from the farms and marshes of Dorchester County.

My long and frustrating search for details and answers was concluded in the National Archives where I was permitted to read the muster rolls of the 1st Eastern Shore Infantry, sheets containing the only existing military records pertaining to Henry and Job Langrall. Entries are few: Job is carried through the September/October 1862 report, which contains the following handwritten notation under his name: "Deserted on the 4th of Oct. 1862 at Salisbury, Md." For reasons not stated, Henry was reduced from corporal to the ranks on May 1, 1862, and is carried thereafter as a private. His final entry was made the day the 1st Eastern Shore Regiment marched from Taneytown to join the raging carnage at Gettysburg; it reads: "Deserted July 2d/63 at Tannytown (sic), Md." The confrontation that had come to captivate my imagination had never occurred, and further investigation has uncovered no additional facts concerning the eventual fate of Henry Langrall. I have found his name on a Delmarva gravestone, but its occupant was born in 1874, the year Rebecca's husband would have celebrated his 52nd birthday.

Note: The day after this story appeared in *The Daily Banner*, I received two telephone calls from descendants of Henry and Rebecca Langrall, one from a great-great-grandson, and the second from the wife of a great-great-great-grandson. I learned that James S. Langrall, born July 1, 1775, and Nancy (Insley) Langrall, both buried on Langralls Island, were Henry's parents. Job T. Langrall, born on January 16, 1788, whose marker also stands in the graveyard, was Rebecca's father. I learned that Rebecca gave birth to a son, William Henry Langrall, on December 25, 1847, seven months after her marriage to Henry, and in turn, was the father of Henry Washington Langrall whose grave I had discovered, but I learned nothing more of Henry's fate after July 2, 1863.

Roth, a Pennsylvanian transplant to the Eastern Shore, has written frequently on Delmarva topics. This story was taken from *You Can't Never Get to Puckum: Folks and Tales From Delmarva*, with permission of author.



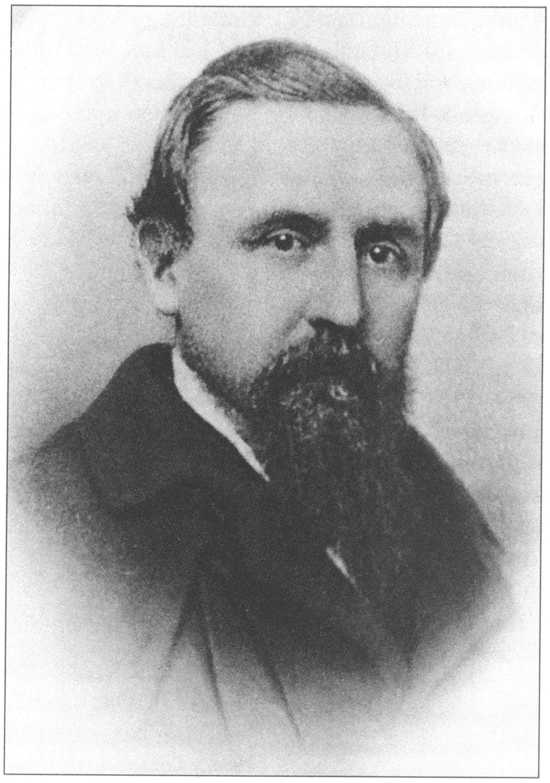
The Langrall Graveyard. (Photo courtesy of Hal Roth)

Civil War on the Shore: A Veteran Remembers

This article first appeared in The Wicomico News, *Salisbury, MD, March 22, 1923, under the heading of "Veteran Recounts Incident Occurring 60 Years Ago This Month During The Civil War."*

Adjutant of Old 1st Regiment, E.S. of Md., Volunteers Living in Washington At Ripe Old Age of 83 – Soldiers Camped On Site of Present Gordy Park

The News is in receipt of a story from John E. Rastell, 1417 Shepard St., Washington, D.C., of an instance which happened on the Peninsula just sixty years ago this month, during the War Between the States. Mr. Rastell was late adjutant of the First Regiment, Eastern Shore of Maryland Volunteers, Infantry, and was known as will be remembered by many of the older folks here as the "Little Adjutant."



William J. Leonard.

In speaking of the incident to one of Salisbury's old and highly respected citizens, a mere youth in that day, that gentleman recalled vividly the circumstances surrounding this story and tells some interesting history of the part played by this section in that conflict. He remembers J.E. Rastell well as the drill-major sent down by the United States Government to train the troops recruited from this section. Rastell was spoken of as a "very popular and in no wise officious officer" and although of small build a veritable "live wire."

The First Regiment, Eastern Shore of Maryland Volunteers was also known as "Purnell's Legion," it being recruited by Colonel William H. Purnell and composed principally of volunteers from the Eastern Shore. After Purnell retired, William J. Leonard, of this city, was commissioned colonel and it is thought to be Colonel Leonard to whom reference is made in the article below. Leonard was captured at a station near Manassas, Va., while sick by a sweeping attack of Stonewall Jackson's army. For sometime he was confined in the Libby Prison in Richmond, Va. Capt. Samuel A. Graham was then commissioned Colonel and saw service on the Peninsula as well as at the Battle of Antietam where also the late John T. Owens had a leg shot off by a cannonball.

About April 1861, a Delaware regiment came down to Salisbury after it was reported that "rebels" were coming up from across the Bay via Cape Charles enroute to Philadelphia. These troops embarked and established a camp on the property where the Gas Plant now stands but later moved over in what is known as South Salisbury where the baseball grounds now are and established a first class army camp and remained there until the termination of the struggle.

In the fall, Purnell's Legion, 1000 strong, came down by boat from Baltimore. The infantrymen landed at "Cotton Patch," at the old steamboat landing near the Pine Bluff Sanitarium. In those days the Wicomico River was not navigable any further than that point. Then they marched into Salisbury and shared with the Delawareans their already established camp.

The article of Adjutant Rastell, who is now 83 years of age is as follows:

Editor Wicomico News. Our regiment, the 1st Md., Eastern Shore, stationed at Salisbury in the early part of war, got orders from Department Headquarters at Baltimore to go up into Delaware and disarm some secession companies believed to exist in that State.

We moved at once with several companies. Entraining for Dover, we proceeded about nine miles, where we stopped at Delmar, a station on the line dividing Delaware and Maryland. Co. B, at that place, left the train in a body, lined up, stacked arms, and broke ranks.

With the Colonel, I left the train and we went over to where the men were. "What is the matter?" asked the Colonel. A spokesman replied that that the company had enlisted for service in Maryland and did not intend to leave the State.

No Limitation of Service

As organizer of the Regiment, I assured the men that the Government had not authorized any such limitation of service and urged them to return at once to duty. The Colonel, a loyal man, though a slaveholder, was more emphatic, which aroused the men to persist in their course. The spokesman became insulting and remarked that in any event they would not serve longer under his command.

The Colonel and I were alone with the men some distance from the train but instantly the Colonel drew a revolver and pointing it at the man, took him by the shoulder and ordered him aboard the train. The men were largely of the oystermen class, and I saw some ugly knives drawn.

The Colonel telegraphed to Salisbury for Co. C to proceed to Delmar at once, and ordered the return of Co. B to its quarters. Without awaiting the outcome, we proceeded with the balance of our force to Dover and marched to the Capitol building, which we made our headquarters. We were very coldly received, and admission to the building refused. We forced entrance and for three days I slept on the Speaker's platform of the House, with my saddle for a pillow.

Searching for Secesh

We began an active search for arms among the citizens, entering a large number of private residences of those known to be disloyal or under suspicion. A number of prominent men were arrested. I assigned them a room at the Capitol and placed an ample guard over them. We combed the city pretty thoroughly and captured a number of guns, etc. From there we went to New Castle.

Our presence in Delaware had created great excitement. A United States Senator had gone from one end of the State to the other, speaking from the rear platform of trains denouncing our "invasion of Delaware." The people were pretty thoroughly aroused. At Dover, the morning of our departure, the Capitol grounds were filled with citizens in anything but a placid mood who were disposed to resent our presence and actions.

As I glanced over the crowds I was very much concerned as to the outcome. It was my duty to "line up" the troops, which I did by clearing a suitable space. After the line was formed I detailed the left or rear company as guards for the prisoners, which were still in the building, and returned for them, after forming the guard company in a hollow square at the foot of the steps of the Capitol.

An Ugly Crowd

Seeing that everything had been properly left, I went again to the front door with the prisoners and few soldiers which had been guarding them. I was greatly surprised to find that the Regiment had gone and left only the one company. The crowd of citizens had moved up close about the guard company at the base of the Capitol steps, and it looked as if all Dover was there. I ordered the crowd back, and when I got the prisoners into the square, returned to the steps and at the top of my voice ordered the soldiers to shoot any man who came within touch of their bayonets.

The men were all standing at "charge" outwardly. Returning to the center of the square, I ordered, "Forward, March!" and away we went down the street to the depot, the crowd following us – sullen and threatening.

While we were in Wilmington I was ordered to take the prisoners to Baltimore. With a detail of eight men and a sergeant, I took the prisoners to the depot only to find that the last train has left. We, therefore, prepared to camp in the depot overnight.

One of the prisoners came to me and said that if I would consent to go to a hotel they would stand the expense for all hands. I agreed to this and arranged to have beds enough in one large room to accommodate the prisoners and myself.

This done, I put a guard inside the room at the door and one outside and placed the remaining soldiers under their sergeant in the office with orders to change guards every two hours. All has fixed bayonets. Private instructions were given all hands and tired out, I lay down and was soon asleep.

Asleep On Duty

I did not remove a garment, not even my shoes or sword! I awoke during the night and in the gas light saw that every prisoner was in place, but the guard was missing-but there were two muskets leaning against the wall.

Getting up quietly, I found my two guards, both asleep, sitting on the floor. The one outside had come in for company, and both had yielded.

I sat a moment studying what best to do. Finally I crept up to the sleeping soldiers and took away their guns. Then I took my pillow and shook the feathers all down to one end of the case, and grasping the loose end in both hands. I lambasted them in good shape. I knocked them down as fast as they got up. When I got them on duty again I went down into the hotel office and there I found the sergeant and his six men also asleep.

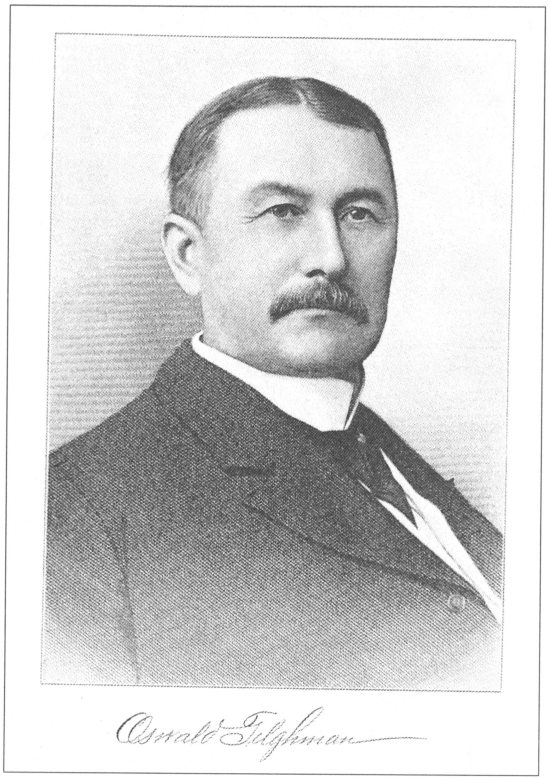
As I looked at them I thought of the constant work they had been doing for a week. Not one of them had been in a bed in that time. I roused them, said a few serious words to the sergeant and returned to my bed. Next morning we turned our prisoners into the old slave pen at Baltimore; I did not report the men.

The company which refused to do duty out of Maryland and some men of other companies were ordered "mustered out with honor", which debarred them from pensions, the War Department not recognizing the claim that they were enlisted only as Maryland soldiers.

J.E. Rastell
Adjutant, 1st Md., Eastern Shore, Washington, D.C.

Colonel Oswald Tilghman

[Reprinted from Tercentenary History of Maryland Vol. 2, 1925]



Colonel Oswald Tilghman.

During Colonial and early days, the people of Maryland, then leaning toward plantation life rather than that of the cities as found in more northerly commonwealths, vested the authority of government in the hands of landed farmers and planters. There grew up, in consequence, a series of manor sections and over these sections the lord of the manor held sway. As a result of this there sprang up in time throughout the state, but more especially on the Bay Shore, little communities that boasted of some particular family which dominated affairs there and gave the section a sort of central point. The name of each of these families is written all over the section in which they lived –in its history, in the names of its rivers, ports and towns; and in the roll of descendants, who still exert a large influence upon public affairs.

Such a family were the Tilghmans. The progenitor of the family in this country was Dr. Richard Tilghman, who came from London, England, in 1660 and in 1661 settled on the Hermitage estate on the Chester River, in Talbot County, removing in 1706 to Queen Annes county. His wife was Mary Foxley of London, and among their descendants are some of Maryland's most distinguished sons, including the Hon. Matthew Tilghman, who was a member of the continental congress at the time of the Declaration of Independence and was known as "the patriarch of the colony of Maryland." Colonel Tench Tilghman, another ancestor, was one of Washington's aides-de-camp and the following excerpt was taken from a letter written by the General to Thomas Jefferson, under date of August 1, 1786: "Colonel Tilghman, who was formerly of my family, died lately, and left as fair a reputation as ever belonged to a human character."

While records of the members of the Tilghman family are found on the pages of Maryland's early history, there are still Tilgmans in the flesh who are making the history which future chroniclers must record. Such an one is Colonel Oswald Tilghman, Maryland's secretary of state under Governor Warfield's administration. He was born with a name that might very naturally prompt pride, but by his services as soldier, as lawyer and as statesman he has followed in the footsteps of his ancestors and added to the worth of the family's contribution to the life of Maryland. Oswald Tilghman was born on the old Talbot county plantation, Plimhimmon, near Oxford, in Talbot county, Maryland, on the 7th of March, 1841, a son of General Tench Tilghman and Henrietta Maria (Kerr) Tilghman. His father was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy and his mother was a daughter of Hon. John Leeds Kerr, who served as United States senator from Maryland from 1841 until 1843.

Oswald Tilghman was educated in the Maryland Military Academy at Oxford. After his school days were over he went to Texas and in 1859 settled in Washington County, ten miles west of the town of Independence, the home of General Sam Houston. In 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted as a private in Company B, in Terry's Texas Rangers, of the Confederate army, and rendered the South most gallant service. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, in which the Confederate forces lost eleven thousand out of an army of thirty-three thousand, and in the campaigns about Richmond. He was later an aide of the staff of his kinsman, General Lloyd Tilghman, who was killed in front of Vicksburg, Mississippi. During the siege of Port Hudson, Louisiana, Colonel Tilghman commanded the Rock City Artillery of Nashville, Tennessee—a heavy battery planted on the bluffs of the Mississippi River a few miles below the mouth of the Red River—and was the only one of the four officers of that battery who survived the siege. In March, 1863, he took an active part, with his battery, in the destruction of the United States steam frigate Mississippi, of which vessel Admiral George Dewey was then the executive officer, when the Admiral Farragut's fleet attempted to pass the Confederate batteries. For his bravery on this occasion Colonel Tilghman was commended by Lieutenant Colonel de Gournay, who commanded the left wing of the Confederate batteries. Colonel Tilghman's military career was cut short by the capitulation of the Port Hudson garrison on the 9th of July, 1863, after which he was held a prisoner on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie until the close of the war.

In 1865 Colonel Tilghman returned to Talbot County and subsequently took up the study of law, under the preceptorship of Hon. Charles H. Gibson, United States Senator from

Maryland. He was admitted to the bar in 1875 and has since been engaged in the practice of law and in the sale of real estate in his native county, residing at Foxley Hall, Easton, a colonial brick mansion built by Henry Dickinson, whose son, Charles Dickinson, was killed by General Andrew Jackson in a duel in Logan County, Kentucky, in 1806.

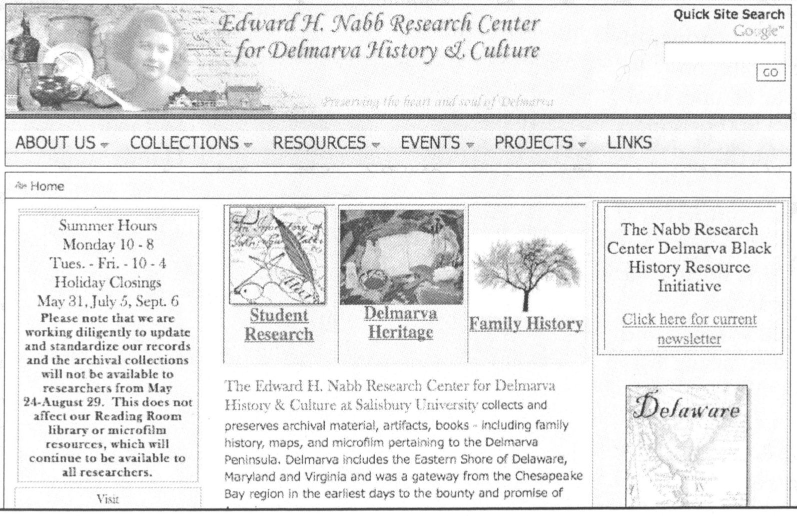
Colonel Tilghman is the author of several books, among them the *History of Annapolis*. His *History of Talbot County, Maryland* is a notable achievement of research, covering a period of two centuries, 1661-1861. It is a lifework with which Colonel Tilghman may rest content that he has contributed to posterity.

Colonel Tilghman has taken a prominent part in public affairs and from 1894 until 1898 represented Talbot county in the Maryland state senate, having been elected on the democratic ticket. He has long been a close personal friend of Governor Edwin Warfield, by whom he was appointed secretary of state in 1904, continuing in office until 1908. He was the first president of the board of development of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, was auditor of the circuit court of Talbot county for over twenty years, and was largely instrumental in securing the establishment of the state bureau of immigration in 1896. In 1881 Governor William T. Hamilton of Maryland appointed Mr. Tilghman one of the two commissioners with the rank of colonel, to represent the state at the centennial celebration of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. On this occasion he wore the sword presented to his distinguished ancestor, Colonel Tench Tilghman, by congress in 1781, in recognition of his service in bearing to the continental congress in Philadelphia the official announcement from General Washington of the surrender of the British garrison at Yorktown.

In 1884 Colonel Tilghman was married to Miss Belle Harrison, a daughter of Dr. Samuel A. Harrison, the local annalist of Talbot county. Colonel and Mrs. Tilghman have two children, Mary Foxley and Harrison. The son is a civil engineer by profession and was graduated from Lehigh University with the class of 1907. He was for ten years an officer in the Coast Artillery Corps, United States Army, and rose to the ranks of Major while in France serving in the late World War. The daughter married, in 1915, Dr. John Frazer of Philadelphia, dean of the Towne Scientific School, University of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Tilghman is brigadier general of the First Brigade, Second Maryland Division, United Confederate Veterans, and commander of Charles S. Winder Camp of that organization. He belongs to the Maryland Society of Colonial Wars, and since 1907 has been president of the Society of the Cincinnati of Maryland, while for several years he has represented the Maryland State Society in the General Society of the Cincinnati. He is a member of the Maryland Historical Society and owns a valuable collection of Revolutionary relics and papers. Fraternally he is identified with the Odd Fellows and the Masons, and his life is guided by the beneficent teachings of those orders.

Find information and listings of upcoming events by visiting our Web site at **http://nabbhistory.salisbury.edu**



Summer Hours
Monday 10 - 8
Tues. - Fri. - 10 - 4
Holiday Closings
May 31, July 5, Sept. 6

Please note that we are working diligently to update and standardize our records and the archival collections will not be available to researchers from May 24-August 29. This does not affect our Reading Room library or microfilm resources, which will continue to be available to all researchers.

The Nabb Research Center Delmarva Black History Resource Initiative

Click here for current newsletter

The Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History & Culture at Salisbury University collects and preserves archival material, artifacts, books - including family history, maps, and microfilm pertaining to the Delmarva Peninsula. Delmarva includes the Eastern Shore of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia and was a gateway from the Chesapeake Bay region in the earliest days to the bounty and promise of

Visit our Web site to learn about our constantly-growing collections and resources.

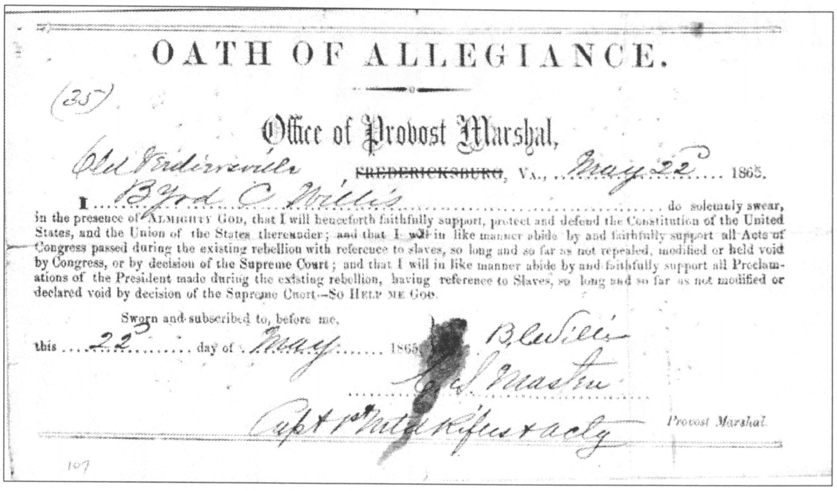
"Stand firm, boys, and don't take the oath":
Isaac William Ker Handy's 15 Months at Fort Delaware

By Amanda Tuttle

The tumultuous months leading up to the Civil War tested both family ties and friendships. The Civil War on Delmarva not only divided communities, turning friends into enemies and neighbors into spies, it also tore many families apart as well. Countless citizens were forced to choose between their southern ideals and northern family loyalties. One of the pivotal pieces of Delmarva Civil War history that illustrates this strain would be the diary that Isaac W. K. Handy kept during his imprisonment at Fort Delaware.

In 1862, the Union opened a prisoner-of-war camp off the coast of Delaware, on Pea Patch Island. In its first year of operation, Fort Delaware housed around 3,500 prisoners. However, by August 1863, the fort's population had skyrocketed to over 12,000 prisoners as a result of the men captured at the battles of Vicksburg and Gettysburg. As was the case with many other forts during the Civil War, diseases and lice abounded. Because of the stifling heat, cold winters, and poor diet, close to 2,400 men died at the Fort during the years of 1862-1865. Many of the casualties were men that had been captured during battles. However, a substantial number of men kept at the fort were political prisoners. While these men constituted a large number of the prisoners, they did not contribute much to the death rate. Political prisoners were held in a higher regard then lowly soldiers that were captured, and were therefore given better provisions during their time of captivity. Perhaps the greatest view into daily life of both political prisoners and basic prisoners of war would have to be Isaac W.K. Handy's journal *United States Bonds or Duress by Federal Authority*.

Isaac William Ker Handy was born in Washington, D.C., in 1815 to parents who had deep southern and Eastern Shore roots. At the age of four he began to study religion with Reverend Joshua F. Russell. In 1828, Isaac was sent to Charlotte Hall Academy in St. Mary's, MD, where he studied literature and mathematics. Over the next four years, Handy studied religion and literature at three different universities, including Princeton. After graduating with a degree in theology and religion from Jefferson College in Canonsburg, PA, Isaac headed back to Delaware to preach at a Presbyterian church in Middletown. After a few years in Delaware, Handy realized that God had called him to missionary work and he traveled to Missouri. After only a year of living in frontier Missouri with his wife, Mary Jane Rozelle Purnell Handy, she died and he returned to his home on the Eastern Shore. Handy married again and continued his ministry in Delaware and Maryland. After the death of his second wife,



(35)

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

Office of Provost Marshal,

Old Fredericksville ~~FREDERICKSBURG~~, VA., May 22 1865.

I Byrd C. Willis do solemnly swear, in the presence of ALMIGHTY GOD, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all Acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all Proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion, having reference to Slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court.—SO HELP ME GOD.

Sworn and subscribed to, before me,

this 22 day of May 1865. B. C. Willis

E. L. Masten

Capt 1st Mich Rifles & acty Provost Marshal.

107

Sally Selby Martin, Handy was met with a period of uncertainty in his life. Nevertheless, he persevered with the help of his new wife, Rebecca Hill Dilworth, and together they continued his religious work. Although he had strong connections to both Delaware and Maryland, Handy always viewed himself as a Virginian. Like many other Virginians, he regretted the break between the Union and the Confederacy. Handy strongly resented the way the government was handling the southern states. It is this resentment that would eventually lead to Handy's arrest.

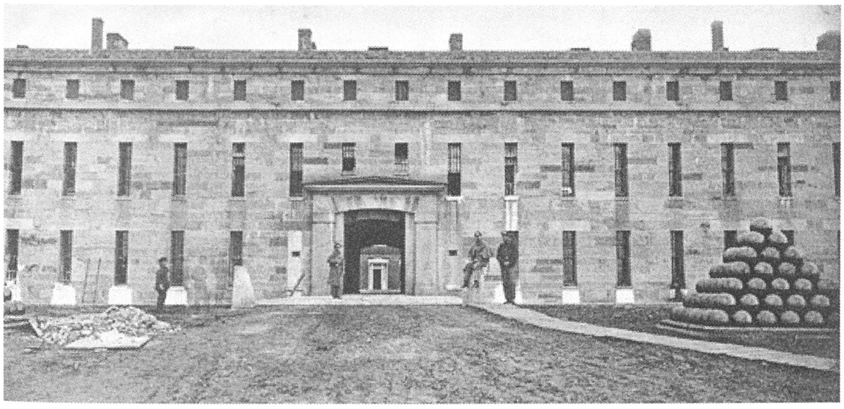
Though Handy attempted to be as fair as possible with those members of his family who supported and fought for the north in the Civil War, his own sympathies and attitudes are evident in his journal. While having dinner with his wife's family in Port Penn, DE, in 1863, Handy made a comment about the American flag not representing its once "high and noble" principles. While many agreed with his sentiments, some members of the family began to argue with Handy. Eventually their differences were forgotten and they continued on with their evening. Nevertheless, Reverend Mr. Gaylord, who was in attendance, harbored resentment toward Handy and reported him to Union authorities. Handy was arrested and jailed without a trial, as habeas corpus had been suspended by President Lincoln during the war. Handy was sent to Fort Delaware where he was imprisoned.

The first month of his imprisonment proved to be one of the most trying times of his life. His only solace was the daily religious service he held in his cell. Slowly but surely conditions started to improve for those men accused of political slander. However, Handy still lamented the conditions of those men who were soldiers captured by Union forces. These men were treated no better than dogs, and many times Handy sent his own food to them so they would not lose hope. Often he would visit with the men in their barracks and pray with them and encourage them not to take the oath. The oath, swearing allegiance to the Union, appears many times in Handy's journal, each time with a specific measure of disgust attached to it.

Although he was a political prisoner, Handy was respected by many of the generals in command of the fort. Because of this respect, Handy was offered freedom many times if only he would pledge his allegiance to the Union. Tiring of Handy's intractability, General Schoepf, a commander at Fort Delaware, approached Handy with a pistol, saying that he must take the oath or die for his cause. Handy calmly replied: "General, I am conscientious in the position which I take; and I wish to act as a Christian man, and in the fear of God." From then on Handy was looked upon by the other prisoners as their paragon of Southern virtues and as their figure head. He wept with the men who had lost loved ones in the war, he prayed with those who were infected with small pox, and he reinforced southern ideals into all the men who began to question their allegiances.

Handy watched with despair as cholera and small pox began to take countless numbers of soldiers and friends. He encouraged the men to take strength from their God and their Confederacy, even as they watched more and more men enter their barracks and leave in coffins. He also encouraged soldiers to escape if they could, but never attempted an escape himself, claiming that "…Who am I, that I should expect to hold an honest opinion, and to express it in opposition to a despotic and fanatical administration suffer no ill?" Handy maintained the belief that God had sent him to the fort to encourage those soldiers to continue their fight against the tyrannical government. Although many took heart in Handy's resilience and faith, others resented him for it. He writes many entries in his journal about those men who were spying on him and meant him ill will. Trust was a very serious issue in any prisoner-of-war camp during the Civil War. Handy was watched even more closely than usual because of the spiritual influence he held over others; many thought he was abusing his station as a leader to further the cause of the South. When questioned about this matter, Handy heartily agreed with his accusers and stated that the South would always have his allegiance no matter what tribulations his earthly body went through.

In October 1864, Isaac Handy was released, by a letter personally authorized by President Lincoln, and sent back to his family. Reflecting on his time in Fort Delaware, Handy later remarked that his time in captivity was a blessing: "O Lord, truly, I am Thy servant; I am Thy servant, and the son of Thy handmaid: Thou hast loosed my BONDS!" Isaac Handy endured a measure of hardship, poverty and adversity almost unfathomable to our generation; and yet to his dying day he retained a youthful level of intellectual energy and an undying love for the Confederacy.



Amanda Tuttle, a Graduate Assistant at the Nabb Center, is pursuing her Masters Degree in History at Salisbury University.

Edward H. Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History & Culture

Donors

MATERIAL
Vaughn Baker
Ann Bloom
Margaret Brown
Jane Burt
Helen Carey
George Chevallier
Anne Clay
Richard Catlin
Charles Cole
Arthur Cooley
Richard Culver
William Day
Teresa Derrickson
Michael Drummond
Charles & Pauline Dulany
Mike Dunn
Leonard Garigliano
Hazel Garland
Kent Griffith
Julia Hancock
Barbara Hearn
Mendel Heilig
Catherine Hudson
Shirley Jackson
Fulton Jeffers
Patty Johnson
Tom Jones
Orland & Charlotte Langrall
Peggy Layton
Phillip LeBel
Don Lewis
Mabel Long
Robert Long
Alyssa Maloof
Hunter Mann
Katie Matthews
Robert Murphy
Edward Nock II
Ocean City Life-Saving Station Museum
Warren Owens
Juanita Palmer
William Palmer
Margaret Pennewell
Irene Phillips
Tom Price
Sally Rankin
Cara Rozaieski
Marie Rundquist
Diane Savage
South Dorchester Folk Museum
Kay Spruell
Patricia Stein
Ray Thompson
Deborah Underhill
Marcus Wallace
Patricia Weible
Barbara Whitehead
Wicomico County Board of Education
Stanley Williams
Kevin Wingate

MONETARY
Diane Kerbin
Frank & Emilie Robinson
Kathryn Washburn
Bret & Beth Wilson

Members

21st Century
Margaret Alexander
Page Austin
Joe Ballou
Wallace Boston Jr.
Jane Bunting
Dave Burton
Alexis Dashield
Betty Dawson
Henry Edwards Jr.
Tom Fooks
Harold & Margaret Genvert
Randolph George
Richard Givens II
John Green
Thomas Hershey
Mike Hitch
John Jacob
Charles Jones
Robert Jones
Joanne Mason
Patricia Matl
Lloyd Matthews
Eleanor Mulligan
Linda Nabb
Edward & Barbara Niemann Jr.
Kathryn Niskanen
Patrick Noonan
David Nutter
Austin Okie
Gary Outten
Lynn Parsons
Edward Perdue
Melanie Perreault
Marion Robinette
Tom Price
J.D. & Sandra Quillin
Steven Reese
James Revell
George Riggin
Charlotte Sharf
Sarah Showell
Polly Stewart
Ray & Klaudia Thompson
Lloyd Whitehead
Brett & Beth Wilson
Rob & Trudy Withey
Gordon Wood
Marelynn Zipser

First Settlers
W. Newton Jackson III
Mitzi Perdue
Marilyn Seidel

Old Somerset
Reese Cropper
Gerald Denisof
Brooks Hubbert
Walton Johnson Jr.
Frank Parsons
Maggie Proctor
Frank Robinson
Thomas Shiels
Connie Strott
Donald Taylor
Barrie Tilghman

Chesapeake
Carolyn Adkins
Alice Bahr
Elizabeth Bellavance
Ginger Beningo
Carl Bloodsworth
William Boston
Robert Callander
Mary Chase
Gail Rupert
Anne Clay
Richard W. Culver
Charles Emery
Richard English
Edward Fowler
Stephen Gehnrich
William Greenly
Lee Griffith
Katherine Hearne
John Hopkins
Gloria Horner
Phillip Horton
Catherine Hudson
Diane Kerbin
Mary Frances Macon
Katie Matthews
Moody Miles
Dennis Morgan
Todd Outten
Nancy Pantalone
Dan Parsons
Pamela Pearson
Maarten Pereboom
Aaron Pulhamus
Mark Purnell
Elizabeth Ragan
Elizabeth Schulz
William Simms
Doris Skinkus
Karen Smith
Sarah Steenberge
Lamonte Tepper
Bert Thornton
Monica Thrash
Margaret Toadvine
Major Travers
Earl Tull
Philip Turner
Verba Valentine
Roger Vandegrift
John Williams
John Scott Wimbrow

Tidewater
Timothy Beard
Richard Catlin
Gary Christopher
Carol Cleverdon
Leslie Davis
Charles Dennis
Nancy Dorman
Janis Foley
Perry Gaidurgis
Florence Horsey
Judith Jaqueth
Betty Johannes
Gordon Katz
Joann Marine
Francis Martin Jr.
Dorothy Pinto
Sue Ellen Robinson
Emily Russell
Etoile Schamis
Bob Shores

Delmarva Heritage
Vaughn Baker
Jeanne Barkley
Miles Barnes
Joan Barnhart
Bonnie Barnidge
Richard Bisker
Lewis Blackwell
Ann Bloom
Jeri Bounds
Jefferson Boyer
Thomas Bradshaw
Douglas Breen
Sue Brenchley
David Briddell
Don Brohawn
James Brown
Kenneth Bunting
Virgil Burkhardt
Joyce Burrell
S. Pilar Burton
Margaret Bush
Raymond Bush
Shirley Butler
Nancy Carey
Neill Carey
Myrna Cherrix
George Chevallier
Jeannette Christman
Bill Collison
G. Edgar Conley
Phyllis Cooper
Brenda Corcoran
Charlotte Couzantino
John Creighton
John Crelling
Andrew Cropper
Maurice Cullen
Barbara Cutter
Phyllis Czapkeiwcz
Fredericka Danielus
E. Bloxom Daugherty III
Aleta Davis
Harold Davis
Mardie Davis
Nanette Davis
Kristin DeMesse
Teresa Derrickson
Howard Dickerson
Tommie Lee Dingbaum
Gloria Donoho
Jim & Joanne Doyle
Flo Droll
John Dryden
Jonathan Dryden
Marion Dryden
Searcy Dryden
Winifred Dutton
Violetta Elrod
Darrell Ertzberger
Pat Feeback
Alice Fisher
Harold Fisher
Kathy Fisher
Norma Ford
Hamilton Fox
James Fox
Patsy Freeman
Hazel Garland
George Gering
Cassandra Gerken
Margaret Gilliam
Barbara Glover
Eileen Gordy
Diann Graham
Randy Gravenor
Virginia Green
Kent Griffith
Martha Groton
Christopher Hagert
Stephen Hall
Will Hall
Darlene Hammond
Stephanie Hansen
Lynne Hastings
Marshall Hatfield
Phillip Hesser
James Hitch
Raymond Holland
Harry Howeth
Erin Hubbard-Chavez
Walter Hudson
William Hudson
Lenore Huffer
Harold Huffington
Hobart Hughes
Susan Hurlbut
Katharine Hutchinson
Eleanor Insley
Shirley Jackson
Christine Jirikowic
Patricia Johnson
Bruce Jones
Carolyn Jones
Mary-Gladys Jones
John Kaufman
Marianne Kelley
Mary Kelley
Bernice Kelly
Laura Kerbin
Donald Kersey Sr.
Pauline Killmon
John King
Mary Klein
Johanna Laird
James Lane
Orland Langrall
George Layfield
Sandra LeCompte
Robert & Marilyn Lear
Kitty Ledsome
Emory Leonard
Don Lewis
Theodore Lokey
William Long
Donald Lord
Barbara Marhoefer
Kirk Mariner
Paul Marshner
Ernest Matthews
Colin McAllister
Audrey McClellan
Jane McComrick
Robert McDaniel
Wayne McKinney
Barry Mears
David Melocik
Melanie Merryweather
Carolyn Miller
William H. Minish
Coleen Mister
John Mitchell
Charles Molineaux
Joseph Moore
James Morris
Teresa Morris
Tom Morris
Mariuna Morrison
John Moscoe
Daniel Mumford
Thomas Mumford
Robert Murphey
Betty Murrell
William Neal
John Neild Jr.
Edmund Nelson
Joyce Newcomb
Aileen Noble
Cindy Noble
Betsey Norgard
Dan Norris
Jenn Notari
Craig O'Donnell
Julia Palmer
Walter Pardee Jr
Mitchell Parker
Rufus Passwater
William Payne
Ruth Perdue
Barbara Phillips
John Phillips
Nancy Pierce
Eddie Pinto
John Polk
Philip Pryor
Ernest Purnell
Robert Purnell
Jerry Ragains
Betty Ragsdale
Jean Raleigh
Kaye Records
Richard Reddish
Catherine Reese
Lynne Rentschler
Harold Ricards Jr.
Hannah Rittenhouse
Elbert Robbins
Brady Roberts
Barbara Roles
Nancy Rubenson
Helen Ruff
JoAnn Rumbley
William Rumbley
Patricia Russell
Charles Ryall
Mary Sadler
Prudence Sadler
Dorothy Semotchko
Jeanette Sherbondy
Robert Shilkret
George Shivers
Shirley Short
Emalu Simpson
Frances Sistrunk
Vernon Skinner
Kevin Smith
Lizanne Smith
Randall Smith
Rosalie Smith
Sophie Smith
Suzanne Smith
W. Wayne Smith
W.L. Snowdon
Margaret Spengler
Carol Spicer Nair
Valerie Sprankle
Kay Spruell
Rudolph Stanley
Jane Stehn
Clara Stephens
Darlene Stevens
Robert Stevens
Wendy Stevens
Alice Jean Stine
Ann Suthowski
George Tawes
Janet Taylor
Patricia Taylor
Rebecca Taylor-White
Sandra Titus
Paul Touart
Jeanne Townsend
Spencer Tracy
Barbara Trader
John Ullian
Shawna Valentine
Jim Walsh
Amanda Weber
Patricia Weible
William Weizel
Barbara Welsh
Jane West
Peter Whaley
William Wheatley
Robert Wheelock
Diane White
Betty Whitehead
Stanley Williams
Thomas Wimbrow
Ann Wisner
Elizabeth Wolfe
John Wolter
Heather Woodman
Dick and Jane Yantis
Mary Young

Happy Holidays from all of us at the Nabb Research Center to You!

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
B 100
SANTA CLAUS
Merry Christmas to You

Salisbury
UNIVERSITY

Nabb Research Center
Salisbury University
1101 Camden Avenue
Salisbury, MD 21801

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

non-profit org.
U. S. postage
PAID
Salisbury, Maryland
permit no. 65

Find the latest additions online at
http://nabbhistory.salisbury.edu/

SAVE THE DATE

Annual Fundraiser

Saturday, May 4, 2013

Eventide in Old Somerset
at Williams Conquest (c. 1733)